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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



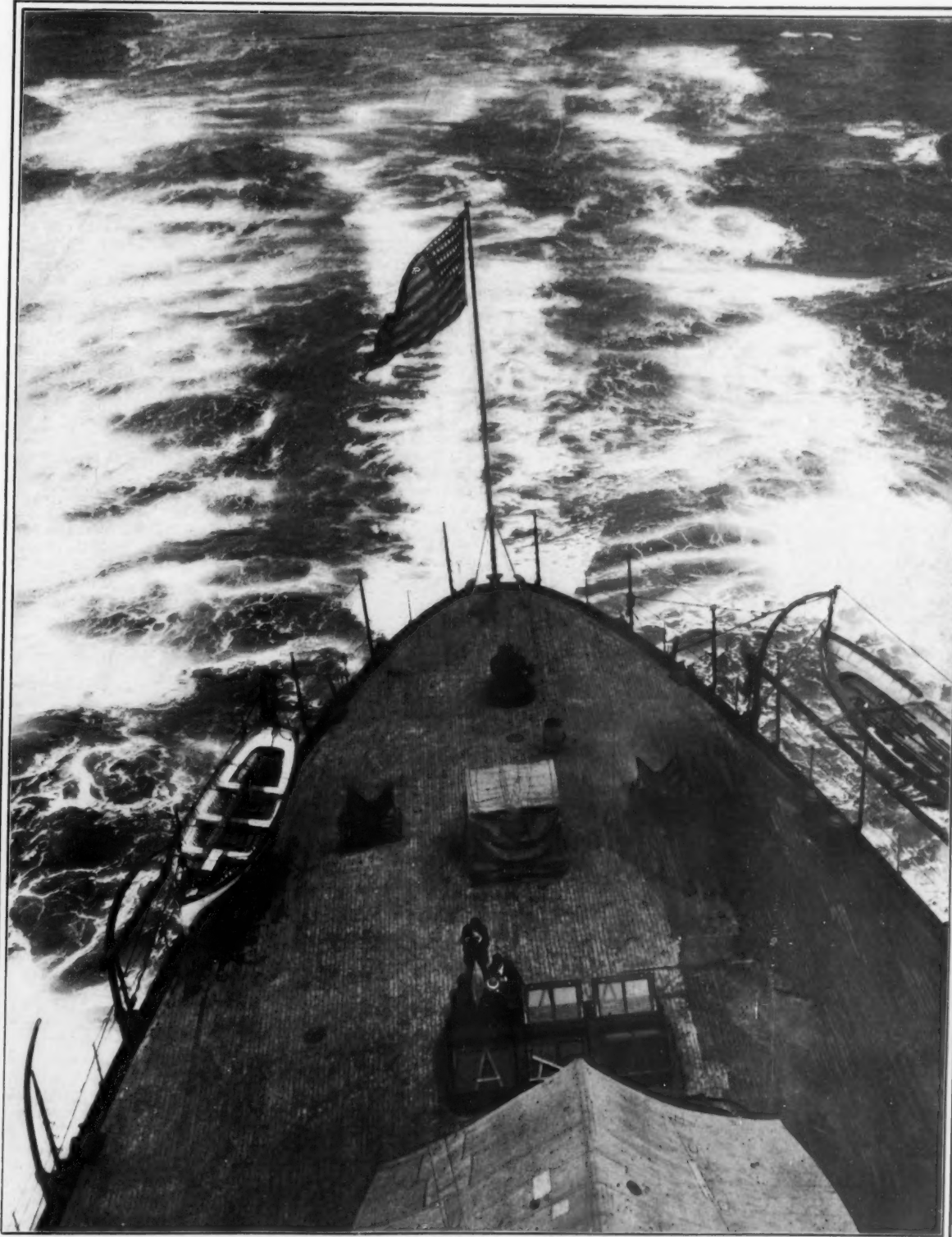
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PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

"SHOWING HER HEELS"

STERN VIEW OF THE "ALABAMA," FROM THE FIGHTING-TOP, DURING THE BUILDERS' TRIAL, WHILE THE BATTLESHIP WAS STEAMING AT FULL SPEED—(See page 3)

COLLIER'S

An Illustrated
Journal of ArtLiterature and
Current Events

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New York September Sixteenth 1899

AT THE HOUR when we write, it looks as if the second trial of Dreyfus, which has been unexpectedly long, would shortly come to an end. The case for the prosecution shows signs of collapse. Although the Court of Cassation, in the judgment ordering a new trial, expressed the opinion that Dreyfus did not write the so-called *bordereau*, or list of army secrets communicated to a foreign government, the military tribunal at Rennes has allowed weeks to be consumed in the effort to prove that he was the author of that document. In the eyes of dispassionate onlookers, the attempt has failed, there being a great preponderance of expert testimony in favor of the accused. No endeavor has yet been made to show that Dreyfus ever had any relations with Colonel Von Schwarzkoppen, formerly the German military attaché in Paris, or that he ever visited the German or Italian embassy. There is a rumor that the prosecution has some evidence to this effect in reserve, and that the portress at the German embassy, who acted as a spy for the French War Department, will testify on the point. When we remember that Colonel Henry did not hesitate to commit forgery in order to prevent a revision of Dreyfus' sentence, we cannot assume that other officers, interested in defending the General Staff, would shrink from subornation of perjury. The accusers of Dreyfus try to excuse their vindictiveness and unscrupulousness on the plea that a reaffirmation of the sentence of the first court-martial is absolutely necessary to maintain the discipline of the army, which, they say, would be destroyed if the rank and the lost confidence in their chiefs. Our belief is that the confidence of the rank and file is more likely to be lost by wilful persistence in error than by the frank acknowledgment of a mistake and a willingness to make reparation. It is not needful that an officer should be reputed infallible in order to command respect, but it is indispensable that his soldiers should believe him to be an honest man. So long as there are such officers as Picquart and Freystaetter, the honor and discipline of the French army will not demand the sacrifice of an innocent man.

SENATOR STEWART of Nevada has threatened, we are told, to introduce a resolution in the Senate on the reassembling of Congress recalling our acceptance of the invitation to take part in the Paris Exposition of 1900. The purpose of the resolution, he says, is to attest our indignation at the treat-

ment of Dreyfus. If the Senate were now in session, and such a demonstration were made, it would be, of course, egregiously ill-timed, for the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry is made up of the friends of revision, and is known to desire the acquittal of the accused officer. If, by next December, when Congress meets, Dreyfus should have been convicted a second time, in the teeth of overwhelming testimony in his favor, and if the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry should be beaten by the Anti-Revisionists in the Chamber of Deputies, there would be at least a pretext for Senator Stewart's resolution. Even then, the question would arise whether we have any business to denounce officially a judgment rendered by a French court-martial upheld by a majority of the popular branch of the French legislature. The interests of our manufacturers should also be considered. They expect to prove to Europe at the Paris Exposition the superiority of American products in many departments of skilled labor. Why should they be made to suffer vicariously for the temporary eclipse of justice and obscuration of right feeling with which France is threatened?

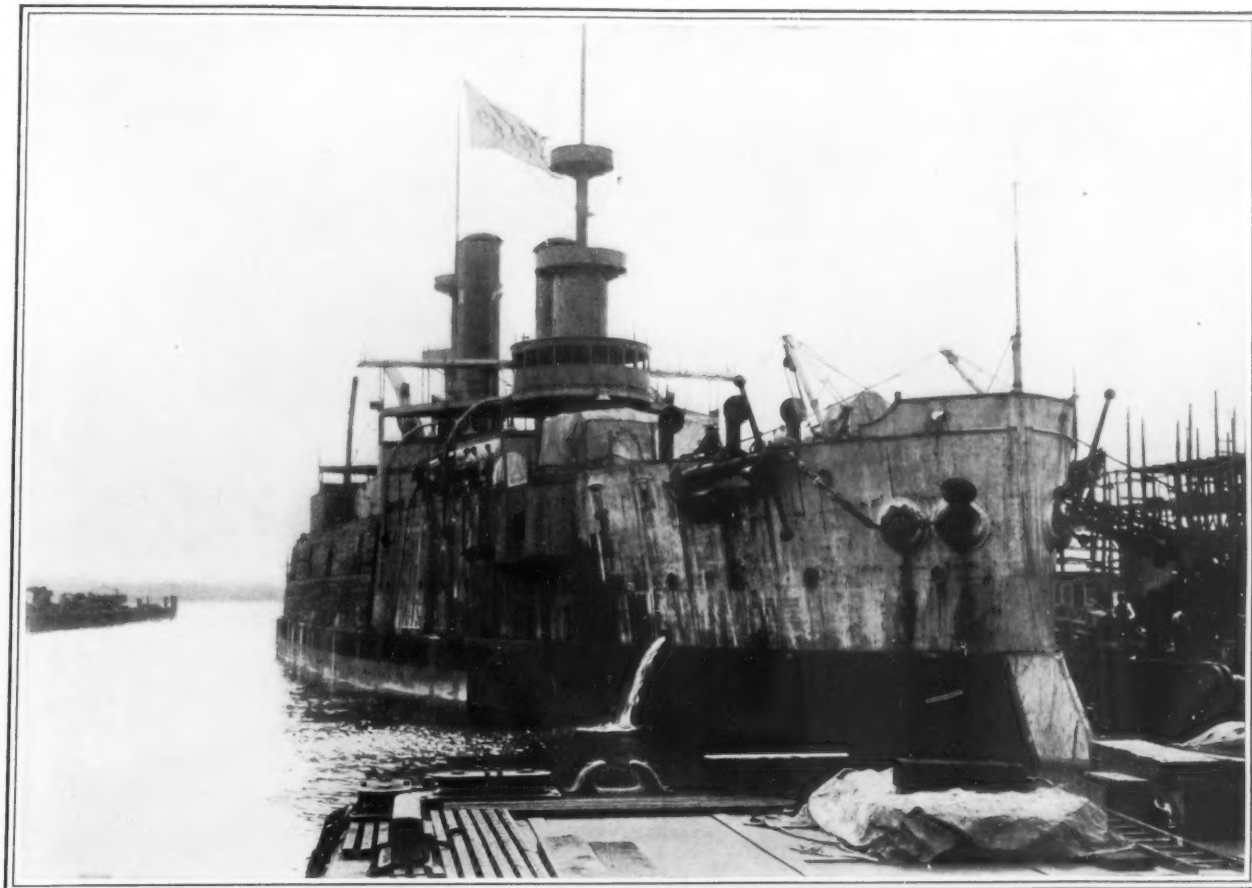
WE POINTED out a week ago that our duty to Puerto Rico would not have been fulfilled if we confined ourselves to generous contributions of food, but that, by offering a market to the island's staple products, we should enable the inhabitants to help themselves. Since then, the Insular Commission, consisting of General Kennedy, Judge Curtis and Major Watkins, has submitted to Secretary Root a report in which precisely the same conviction is expressed. After devoting six months to a study of the industrial, commercial, social and political conditions of Puerto Rico, the commissioners recognize the imperative necessity of providing consumers for its coffee, sugar and tobacco by a change of the tariff relations between that island on the one hand and the United States and Cuba on the other. They direct attention to the fact that, at this moment, our War Department is sending coffee produced in foreign countries to Puerto Rico to supply its soldiers, while the coffee raised in Puerto Rico can find no market, and the laborers who used to be employed in the coffee fields are on the verge of starvation, owing to the collapse of the island's most important industry. Another hardship of which Puerto Rico complains is the imposition of heavy duties upon articles of prime necessity imported from the United States. There is, in short, no doubt that we have treated this island like a stepmother, and that it is actually less prosperous to-day than it was under Spain's misgovernment.

WHY WE SHALL WELCOME
ADMIRAL DEWEY

IN ORDER to appreciate the naval victory at Cavité, which will be duly honored when Admiral Dewey reaches New York, it is needful to recall the state of things which existed at the time of the achievement. If the files of European newspapers and periodicals for the months of March and April, 1898, be consulted, it will be observed that a large majority of reputed experts were then of the opinion that the Spaniards would be found decidedly superior to our countrymen at sea. Even in England, Admiral Colomb and other naval officers showed themselves disposed to take a gloomy view of our prospects of success upon the ocean, owing partly to the fact that Spain was known to possess a number of armored cruisers built in the best European shipyards, but mainly to the vast extent of the seacoast we should have to defend on the Pacific as well as the Atlantic. On the Pacific, from the moment that the battleship *Oregon* was ordered to join the vessels operating in home waters, our means of defence were almost exclusively confined to the squadron under Dewey, which had been stationed in the China seas. This squadron not only comprised no battleship or armored cruiser, but, until the arrival of the *Baltimore*, included but three protected cruisers. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were known to have at Manila a naval force which, before the arrival of the *Baltimore*, was considerably stronger than Dewey's, and which, according to on-looking experts, might be safely employed for movements against our Pacific seaports, because the harbor of Manila was supposed to have been made impregnable by fortifications and submarine mines. The recognition of the strategic advantage possessed by an assailant in naval warfare, especially when his opponent has a long seacoast to protect, and the knowledge that our Pacific coast was but imperfectly defended, had caused our Naval Department to take certain precautions as soon as our relations with Spain became strained. The

purpose of the measures instituted was, obviously, to make it possible for our naval commander in Asiatic waters to shut up, or cripple, or, if possible, annihilate the "fleet in being" which the Spaniards possessed in that quarter, and which, under favorable circumstances, might attack the cities on our Pacific seaboard. With this purpose in mind, our Naval Department, as early as January 27, 1898, directed the Asiatic squadron to retain all men whose enlistments had expired, and, on February 25, a cable message was sent to Commodore Dewey by Mr. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, ordering him to assemble his squadron at Hong Kong, to retain the protected cruiser *Olympia*, which had been ordered back to San Francisco, and to be prepared, in case of war, for offensive operations in the Philippines. On the 3d of March, the *Mohican* was sent with ammunition to Honolulu, there to await the *Baltimore*, which was to take the ammunition on board and proceed at once to join the Asiatic squadron. By March 28, Commodore Dewey had collected his squadron at Hong Kong, and then came a dreary period of suspense and anxiety, throughout which, however, the commanding officer neglected no precaution to assure efficiency. In the first place, Dewey purchased the English steamer *Nanshan* with 3,300 tons of Cardiff coal on board. Then he bought the *Zafiro*, a steamship of the Manila-Hong Kong line, with all her fuel and provisions, and on her he placed all the spare ammunition, so that she became the magazine of the fleet. On April 18, the *McCulloch* joined the squadron; she was only a revenue cutter, but she was as good as a gunboat, being built of steel, having 1,500 tons displacement, and carrying four 4-inch guns and a crew of 130 men, all ready to fight. On April 19, two days after the passage of the war resolutions by Congress, the *Baltimore* appeared, a powerful addition to the fleet, and bringing also a load of ammunition. Hardly had the new-comer found time to put on her war paint when, on April 26, a despatch arrived from Washington ordering Dewey to proceed at once to the Philippine Islands, to begin operations against the Spanish fleet, and to capture or destroy it. At two o'clock on the very next day, the sailing pennant went up, and Dewey's fleet steered southward across 620 miles of one of the roughest seas in the world, which lay between it and the Philippines. On April 30, it reached Subig Bay, between which and Manila lay a distance of thirty miles. It was learned that the Spanish squadron lay inside the Bay of Cavité, the sides of which and the entrances to which were known to be fortified and mined. There is now no doubt that, so far as land defences were concerned, Cavité was far better equipped than was Santiago, into which the fleet under Admiral Sampson never ventured to enter. Commodore Dewey did not stop to investigate the strength of the fortifications threatening the entrances to the Bay of Cavité, nor the reality of the submarine mines alleged to exist, but, on the very evening of his arrival, that of April 30, swept into the Bay of Cavité, receiving the fire of the fortifications and defying the mines, two of which exploded, one immediately ahead of the flagship. In front of the American vessels lay the Spanish squadron, defended at the rear and on both flanks by land batteries. Leaving out the tremendous advantage given to the Spaniards by these batteries, let us consider the relative strength of the naval forces engaged. Dewey had six fighting ships and the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, which took no part in the action. The Spaniards had ten fighting ships and two torpedo boats, the latter, however, being, practically, out of action. The Americans had 57 classified big guns and 74 rapid fire and machine guns; the Spaniards had 52 classified big guns and 72 rapid-fire and machine guns. The Americans had 10 eight-inch guns, while the largest Spanish guns were 6.2 inches. It follows that, if the land batteries be disregarded, Dewey had slightly the advantage in weight of metal and in heavy guns. As regards the number of men engaged, the Spaniards had 1,796, and the Americans 1,678. The result of the battle was the annihilation or capture of every Spanish vessel and the surrender of the shore batteries. The Spaniards admitted a loss of 634 killed and wounded, while the Americans had not one killed and only eight wounded. It is the completeness of the immediate result which gives Manila a great place in the history of naval battles; but what adds immensely to its importance is the fact that it involved the cession by Spain to the United States of an island empire containing upward of eight million inhabitants, and possessed of immeasurable natural resources. No naval victory in the annals of the world has brought about the transfer from one power to another of so large a population.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE



THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "ALABAMA," AS SHE APPEARED ON THE DAY OF THE BUILDERS' TRIAL TRIP, AUGUST 29

THE "ALABAMA'S" TRIAL TRIP

SOMETHING like thirty-four years ago a warship, with a record, went down among the blind fishes in the deep sea off the French port of Cherbourg, after a savage fratricidal duel. Every schoolboy knows the story of the fight between the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* and the United States steamer *Kearsarge*. And now, after half a lifetime, the ship's name that made merchant skippers carry two sets of papers in the '60's has been resurrected, for Captain Raphael Semmes' "Scourge of the Seas" has come to life again in one of the finest battleships of the new American navy. If she ever is put forth for the undoing of an enemy, may she pile up a record as formidable as that of her namesake!

The United States battleship *Alabama* has had her first ocean trial, and has demonstrated her ability to exceed her contract requirements. Consequently she returned to the yard of her builders, the Cramp Ship and Engine Building Company of Philadelphia, with a broom at her foretop. Designed to steam sixteen knots an hour, the battleship plowed over the measured trial course off the Delaware Capes at an easily maintained pace of 16.33 knots for the full run of 22½ knots.

The trial of the *Alabama* developed three points in her favor: First, great speed; second, perfect tractability and obedience to her helm; third, splendid stability, assuring a perfect gun platform in a heavy sea. The latter qualification is perhaps the most important of all. Fault could be found with but one feature—the ventilation of her stoke hold. This can be easily remedied, and will be ere she goes on her official trip.

The trial on Tuesday, August 29, was made under unfavorable conditions. The morning broke dark and threatening, and outside the Breakwater a half gale from the northeast sent the seas tumbling shoreward in giant rollers. It was a nice question to decide, whether to take out an untried ship with untried engines. But as soon as Edwin S. Cramp, the supervising engineer of the company, got word from Captain R. D. Sargent and Pilot Harry Long that the compasses were properly adjusted he gave the order to go to sea.

Overfalls Lightship reeled off the after port quarter, just beyond the Breakwater line, and the *Alabama* sped past the old yellow hulk, the engines turning eighty-five revolutions a minute. Huge clouds of black smoke poured from the twin funnels. Chief Engineer Town, having discarded his "shore togs"—a serge suit—for a nondescript rig that might have been fashioned out of the forestaysail of a three-years'-out whaler, arose out of the depths and reported all well below. He had a short talk with Mr. Cramp, and then went back to his 10,000 horse-power pets that throbbed beneath the curved protective deck. From Overfalls Light to the Southwest Light is a measured 21½ knots, and as the ship proceeded the plan of campaign was mapped out. The vessel rode so steadily, and seemed

to take so kindly to the seas, that a course dead to windward and leeward was decided on; or, in other words, round trips between the Southwest and Northeast Lights, which mark the outer deep-water edge of the Five Fathom Bank. These are distant from each other just 11½ knots, and the water over the course varies from 9 to 11 fathoms—54 to 66 feet. This depth does not allow sufficient elbow-room for a ship of the *Alabama's* displacement, but it is the most available course off the Atlantic seaboard south of the New England coast. The morning report showed that the *Alabama* drew a scant 22 feet aft and 19 feet 6 inches forward. Hence the bottom, only 31 to 37 feet away, exerted considerable drag, when the ship was forced.

Steaming along with scarcely a jolt or a jar, the *Alabama* brought the Southwest Lightship in sight within an hour. This course marker is another bluff-bowed and yellow hulk, with stubby beacon masts, leaping in the swirl of the sea like a playful kitten pouncing on a string. Its lonely crew crowded the starboard rail as the warship swept up, and the lightship's bell, the only noise maker she possesses, changed a greeting. In response the *Alabama* tooted "Howdy."

The first reach was to be a warming-up run rather than an attempt at extra speed. The engines were pushed until the propellers were swirling around 103½ times per minute. The huge vessel gathered way rapidly. Soon she was racing to windward, carrying a gigantic bone in her teeth. The ship's clock recorded 10.19 when this trial began, and exactly 11.04:45 when it was finished, the 11½ knots having been covered in 45 minutes and 45 seconds, a speed of 14.44 knots per hour. After swinging around in a wide circle, the return was begun at 11.16:15. This time, favored by the wind and the send of the sea, the trial was not so exciting, but the rate of speed was greater. The wind howled around the high superstructure, and its force was clearly shown by the great clouds of smoke and cinders that it carried over the bow—the same smudgy clouds that conspired to drive the plucky photographer from the fighting-top.

Southwest Light came abeam at 11.55:40, showing the ship had made the last leg at a rate of 16.03 knots per hour, thus getting an average of 15.23 knots for the trip. Now the word was passed that the final trial was to be begun, and for some little time the ship was steered about inshore of the lightship, while the dripping stokers piled on coal and nimble oilers went over every cam and eccentric, journal and piston in her huge make-up. Finally, "We are ready" came from the engine-room, and the ship was once more headed into the gale. As she passed the lightship Captain Sargent signalled "full speed ahead with both engines," and almost instantly the mangatense propellers spurned the green water, whirling like bronze pinwheels. They

were turning now 114 times to the minute. This run was finished at 1.16:30, or 44 minutes and 20 seconds after the start, making the speed 15.43 knots per hour.

Now came the spectacular part of the trial. With the double intention of storing steam for the final rush back and of testing the steering gear, the *Alabama* ran in an immense circle around the lightship. Gradually Pilot Long sent her helm over harder and harder, until the flanged rudder stood almost at right angles to the ship's keel, and then as she heeled, with the tip of her port bridge far down toward the water, it was seen that she could turn a complete circle in about three and one-half times her own length, less than 400 yards.

Finally, out of this ring of foam, the *Alabama* was headed down wind toward the lightship, due on the course for what proved to be her record-breaking run. A couple of crazy rain squalls strolled aimlessly over the waste of water and viciously pelted the unarmed battleship. The screws were still turning at 114 revolutions when the lightship was left for the last time and the battleship began to show her heels. And now came the unique experience of carrying wet forward decks while running dead to leeward. The wet and grimy Congressmen and the phlegmatic Russians (dreaming of their own ships building), looking into the mist, waited to raise the lightship, which would mark the finish of the run.

They did not have to strain their eyes long. It bobbed into view in about twenty minutes, and in precisely 39 minutes and 27 seconds after the start the finish line was crossed. This showed a speed of 17.20 knots per hour, or an average out and in of 16.33 knots.

Mr. Town, the big chief engineer, having cheered up the tired but complacent engineers with the assurance that "they were all right," gazed with huge content and meditatively at the distinguished group of naval officers and civic dignitaries that decorated the deck, and a murmur came softly from nobody in particular:

"We've got the men;
We're gettin' the ships—"

The broom went aloft to the foretop, and the *Alabama* ran through the Breakwater and steamed up the bay, whereupon all floating things therein that carried a whistle straightway went mad, and postponed recovery until their big sister reached her moorings.

This is what the *Alabama* will be when completed: A turreted steel battleship, with specifications and equipment as follows—11,525 tons displacement, 368 feet long, 72 feet 3 inches beam, 25 feet 6 inches draught, 2 propellers, 10,000 indicated horse power, cost, \$2,722,695; to be armed with four 13-inch and fourteen 6-inch and many smaller calibre guns. She will carry a crew of 489 men. So it is apparent she will be able to give a good account of herself.



THE BOW OF THE "ALABAMA" AS IT APPEARED FROM THE FIGHTING TOP WITH THE SHIP AT FULL SPEED "CARRYING A BONE IN HER TEETH." THE BOW OF THE "ALABAMA" AS SHE STRUCK A BIG ROLLER



VIEW OF THE SMOKESTACKS OF THE "ALABAMA" LOOKING AFT



THE BOW OF THE "ALABAMA," SHOWING HER GREAT BEAM



SENDING MESSAGES BY CARRIER PIGEON FROM THE "ALABAMA"



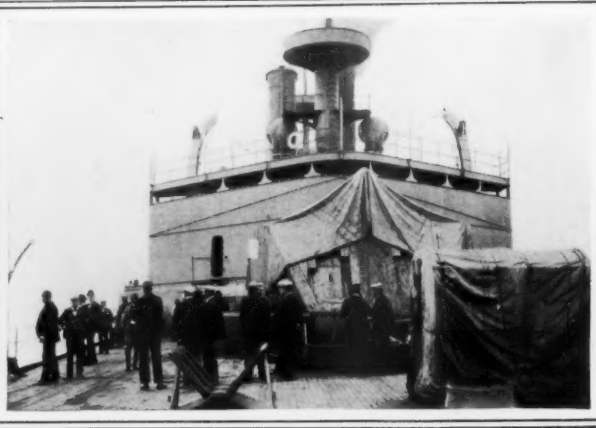
RUSSIAN OFFICERS LOOKING AT THE NEW SHIP'S BUILDING FOR THEIR GOVERNMENT



MR. E. S. CRAMP EXPLAINING THE DETAILS OF THE BOAT DURING THE RUN OUT TO SEA



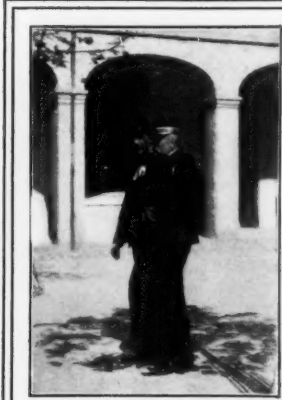
THE BUILDER AND CAPTAIN OF THE "ALABAMA" AND GROUP OF INVITED GUESTS. EDWIN S. CRAMP IS STANDING UP IN MIDDLE OF PICTURE, WEARING A FEDORA HAT. CAPTAIN BRONSON IS SEATED, HOLDING HIS CAP



NAVAL OFFICERS, CONGRESSMEN AND OTHER INVITED GUESTS ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "ALABAMA" JUST BEFORE THE BATTLESHIP WAS STARTED ON HER FINAL RECORD RUN

THE "ALABAMA'S" TRIAL TRIP—(See page 3)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, V. GRIBAYEDOFF



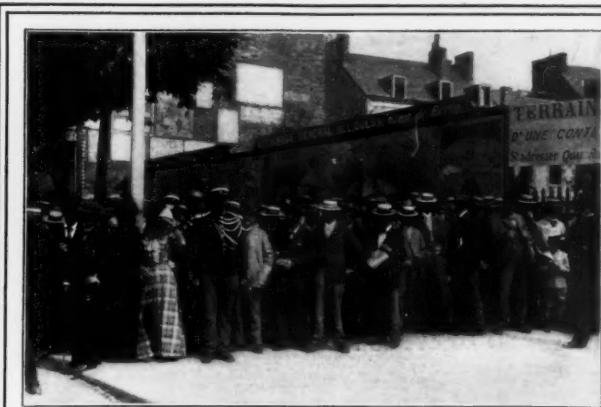
GENERAL BOISDEFFRE AND
CONPOIS TITE "GREFFIER"



MADAME DURAND, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "FRONDE" (TO
LEFT NEXT ESCORT) AND MADAME SEVERINE (IN CENTRE)



MAJOR LAUTH AND
GENERAL ROGET



THE CROWD SURROUNDING THE COURT DURING THE TRIAL



THE FAMOUS "DAME BLANCHE" EN ROUTE FOR THE TRIAL



MOUNTED POLICE CHARGING ALONG THE CANAL QUAYS



THE COURTYARD OF THE LYCEE DURING A RECESS

THE LAST DAYS OF THE DREYFUS TRIAL AT RENNES



THE CROWD IN FRONT OF "FORT CHABROL"

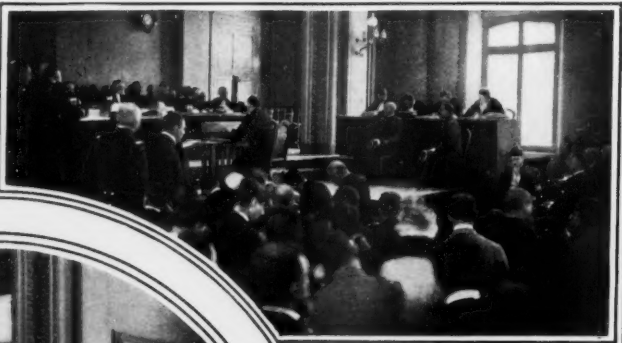


"FORT CHABROL," THE ANTI-SEMITIC STRONGHOLD

THE SIEGE OF GUERIN IN PARIS—(See page 15)



A TYPICAL DREYFUS AUDIENCE



GEN. MERCIER (X) ON THE STAND



HEADQUARTERS OF THE DREYFUS-ARDS AT THE HOTEL MODERNE



M. CASIMIR-PERIER (STANDING UP ON THE RIGHT) ADDRESSING THE COURT



DISCUSSING THE EVIDENCE IN THE CAFE OF THE HOTEL MODERNE

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS AT RENNES

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, V. GRIBAYEDOFF)

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

If you will examine the faces in the photographs of the Dreyfus court-martial, you will get an idea of the character of the men concerned in it. More brain matter has probably been used on this case than any other that has come up in France since the Revolution. Against the enlightenment of the civilized world has been opposed that most inflexible of all systems, the military system. Those Frenchmen of position, especially those French officers who have taken sides with Dreyfus, have shown a moral courage that most of us on this side of the world cannot appreciate.



Since his appointment as Minister of War, the French papers have been publishing stories about General Gallifet. One of them has discovered that, twenty years ago, the general made a public appearance as a writer. In this country, where the military hero who doesn't write is a curiosity, such a discovery would attract no attention. General Gallifet's excursion into literature was made for the benefit of a public charity, and it is so pretty a story that it deserves republication on its merits. Moreover, it gives a suggestive illustration of the affection the French people have for the army—better deserved, let us hope, at that time, than it is now. Here it is: "Toward the close of 1854, Monsieur Geiger, the fashionable military tailor of the period, received a call from one of his customers. 'My dear Geiger,' said the customer, 'I'm just leaving for the Crimea, to pay a visit to my brother-in-law, an officer in the army before Sebastopol. I hear that the weather there is frightfully cold, so I'm going to bring him a heavy fur overcoat. Make two of them at once, for I must start tomorrow. I'll take one for myself. My brother-in-law and I happen to be about the same height.' A few weeks later the officer learned that his relative had reached Kamiesch. He obtained leave of absence, galloped there, and found the overcoat waiting for him. He threw it over his saddle and returned

to his quarters. At the officers' mess the overcoat made a sensation. It was examined by everybody. Then the owner put it on. In thrusting his hand into the pocket, he discovered that a paper had been sewn on the inside. He took it carefully out, and he read these words: 'This overcoat is destined for one of the officers of our brave army in the East; may it bring him luck. Two young women have worked on it all day and all night. Their good wishes go with it.' There was no signature. The officers were deeply touched by this expression of tenderness for the whole army. At the close of 1855 the owner of the coat, then a second lieutenant, returned to France, mentioned for good service and decorated. He wanted to thank the two women who had brought him fortune. It was impossible; they would not reveal themselves. Their good wishes continued to accompany the young officer, for he is now a commandant.

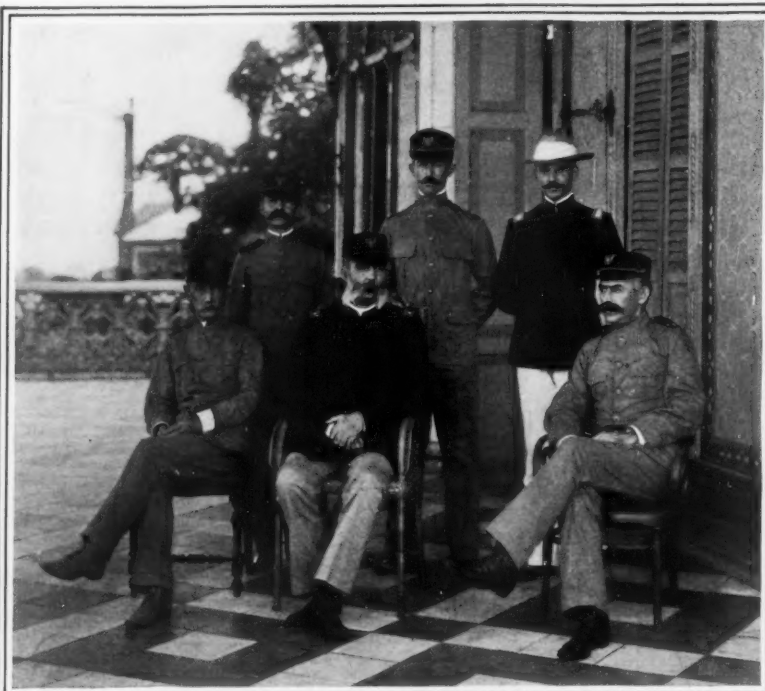
He often recalls with emotion this delightful episode of his youth."



The study of profane history, we confess, bankrupts us in spirit. The impression of this fact causes us more dismay than an empty pocket-book. In the former case we are not yet reconciled to the loss of ambition; in the latter familiarity has bred contempt. But, on the whole, we do not greatly envy General Otis. The lines of a commander-in-chief are not laid in pleasant places. Greatness pays its penalty, and is not for moral or financial bankrupts. It is so obvious that every detractor of our Philippine captain could do better if he had the job of eliminating Aguinaldo the Evasive that it were a work of supererogation to question the fact. We know as well as the next that comparisons are odious. Even that qualification has been questioned, and proves conclusively that others than Homer nod. We only wish to point out facts, not to champion conditions. A noble Roman captain fiddled when he should have been fighting. Another Roman, whom we shall not qualify, did the same when he should have taken to his heels. Another ate soup and lost a battle. A moral evolves itself from history. It is a lame evolution, we confess once more. Thus it serves to intensify the power of the postulate: Let us firmly discountenance our knowledge of our own superiority. *Finis coronat opus.*



The visit to England of the German emperor will be received with mixed feelings. It is suspected that some one has an axe to grind. The English mistrust the emperor. He is the grandson of their queen, to be sure, but kinship has not kept him from giving England a whack whenever he finds the chance. At this time, in particular, it is hard for the English to forget the telegram that William sent to Krüger not so many years ago. However, the English are polite, and they will undoubtedly treat the emperor with respect, if not with enthusiasm. The empress will appeal more strongly to their sympathies. She does not often appear in public, even in her own country, and she rarely travels.



GENERAL OTIS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES, AND OFFICERS OF HIS STAFF ON THE VERANDA OF THE PALACE, NOW THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS, IN MANILA



BUILDING ANVIL CITY, THE CANVAS METROPOLIS OF THE CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS



A STEAMER FOR ST. MICHAEL



RUNNING BUILDING LOGS DOWN DEXTER CREEK



AN AVENUE IN MAKING IN ANVIL CITY



GOVERNMENT POST AND GOLD SEEKERS' TENTS

SUMMER SCENES IN THE NEW GOLD FIELDS AT CAPE NOME, ALASKA

Nome, the Alaskan cape, is the new land of promise. Anvil City, its metropolis, a town of canvas built on sand, glistens with yellow gold. Nome is the poor man's Klondike. The gold lies loosely in the grip of the soil; it needs neither long and wearying waiting nor heavy capital before the owner of a claim can see the first rewards of his enterprise. Advices by steamer from St. Michael bring differing accounts of these new fields; but all agree in the present richness of the sands. Already six thousand eager miners have flocked there. In a few months there will be six thousand more. The diggings cover an area of forty square miles, embracing three creeks of considerable magnitude, besides a large number of tributaries. The place is dotted with the tented homes of the miners, and for miles along the beach the more promising claims are in full working blast. Nome's summer begins in the middle of June and ends about mid-October. During these months it is possible, with heavy winter clothes and stout wraps, to live in tents with tolerable comfort, or at least without acute discomfort; but when the winter gets its grip on the land none but the most toughened Alaskan workers can live there, and those must wait till summer for the sands to loosen. The difficulty of bearing the intense severity of the winter is increased by the almost entire absence of natural fuel. The steamers now returning to Anvil City are taking large consignments of coal oil. Lumber is sold at heavy prices in the diggings.

The pioneers who have returned with their first harvest of gold tell wonderful stories of Cape Nome's richness. M. W. Price brought ten thousand dollars in dust to St. Michael as the result of eight days' work on the claim owned by his partner Lane and himself. This so far holds the record; but it is run close by

several others. Four thousand dollars' worth of gold was taken out of a claim on Snow Gulch in a single day by four men working together, while on Dexter Creek, one of the best districts in the diggings, the average per man each day is put at over one hundred and fifty dollars. The gold, it must be remembered, is wrested from the earth by means of only the most primitive appliances. One of the men on Dexter Creek, L. Loenberg, a German soldier, who came to America for the World's Fair, and who has since been a miner in various parts of Alaska, is getting an ounce an hour out of his claim with a primitive home-made rocker. With modern sluice-boxes, he says, his claim would be worth one thousand dollars a day, and other miners on Dexter Creek declare that with up-to-date appliances they could clean up similar sums daily. A Chicago doctor, who forsook medicine for mining, is the owner of a claim of wonderful richness. A single pan of dirt yielded him forty-two dollars' worth of gold. Glacier Creek, Deer Creek, and Ophir Creek rival Dexter Creek in richness, and enormous sums are reported to have been taken out of them by the lucky claim-owners. Claims on the Ophir Creek, thirteen hundred by three hundred feet, are said to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Naturally, the coming together of the toughened mob of fortune-seekers was not the precursor of the founding of a community of routine, uneventful habits. The usual shooting affairs have taken place, and there has been the inevitable rioting that follows claim-jumping. More than once the Federal troops, who were sent to Cape Nome from St. Michael on the first rumors of gold, have dispersed the mob at bayonet point, and it is anticipated that the crowd of Dawson miners who stampeded from the Klondike for Anvil City will bring further trouble in their train. The staking out of a number of claims by single indi-

viduals, acting under power of attorney for other persons, is the great grievance of the miners, who, arriving late, find the best locations already in possession. A mass meeting of the miners to make local laws, which had for their object the eviction of these "attorney" owners, was dispersed by the soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Spalding, who maintained that the men, not being the owners of the Cape Nome gold deposits, had no right to pass laws, local or otherwise, affecting vested rights.

The Smiths have scored again. This time it is Private A. A. Smith, Company K, Colorado regiment, now fighting in the Philippines. Smith has lately been acting as cook for his company, and one day he was busily engaged in spooning out to the men some Boston baked beans. Suddenly he heard the order to charge. Spoon in hand, he shot ahead with the rest. Even in the excitement the boys saw the joke, and guyed him as they peppered the enemy. Suddenly Smith stumbled over the dead body of a Filipino, lying beside a brand-new rifle. He grabbed the rifle, and, from a guy, he became a hero. There's a poem in this episode if the right man tackles it.

The old lady who offered Mr. Balfour \$25,000 if he would not play golf on Sunday should not be laughed at. She stands for a type of Christian that is rapidly passing away; she has the spirit that makes martyrs. But her views of morality must be a trifle twisted if she thinks that people can be bribed into virtue. She inherited her belief, which used to be common in England and in this country, that to be truly religious you must keep still and pull a long face on the Sabbath. Not yet have recreation and sacrifice become synonymous terms.



CALLE DE COTO (COTO STREET), PONCE



THE CEMETERY AT PONCE. FORTY-SEVEN BODIES IN A ROW

HURRICANE-SWEPT PUERTO RICO

PONCE, PUERTO RICO

THE MORNING of the 8th of August, 1899, opened pleasantly in Ponce, Puerto Rico. At about half-past nine a sea breeze sprang up with unusual energy. It gradually increased in strength, until considerable uneasiness began to be felt. It was soon blowing a hurricane. A cautious step out upon the balcony convinced me that life was no longer safe upon a second-floor balcony of even one of the strongest buildings in Ponce, nor even upon the streets below, which were now entirely deserted. We began to more fully realize the damage the wind must be doing in every part of the city, the district and the island. We watched with interest a native ox-cart driver endeavoring to manage his team of heavy oxen and get them to a place of shelter. One of these great fellows was finally unloosened from its yoke, and, with head forced to the ground, was endeavoring to make way against the wind, when suddenly, coming to a part of the street unprotected by the building, he was blown with great force upon a portico beyond, taking with him such trifles as a part of a fence, the railing of the balcony, and one of the posts which supported it. The unfortunate peon, missing the house, was blown down Mayol Street, and being struck by a flying plate of corrugated sheet iron from a neighboring roof, was cut in two parts, between the arms and the waist, an incident which, I am reliably informed, occurred also in another part of the island.

The roaring of the winds, intermixed with the sound of falling buildings, was now terrific; the shrieking of women and children could be heard above the din of the storm, as the weakest of the houses, one by one, were blown to the ground, and their inmates were crushed beneath the ruins, or were scattered defenceless upon the streets. Frame buildings as a rule were thrown down, and the small cottages and huts of the humble in the outskirts of the city and throughout the country were in many cases blown entirely from the ground; in the city frequently blockading the streets. Further up town, where the buildings were stronger, being as a rule brick or stone, damages of a different nature were sustained. Here the trees of the beautiful

Plaza Principal, the pride of the city, were torn and twisted into tangled masses of brush, and heaped in piles against the old cathedral walls.

A slight lull in the storm now enabled the boldest of us to venture out to ascertain the extent of the damage done by the wind. A most pitiable spectacle everywhere presented itself. The boldest spirits dared the weather, and, joining the "red-shirt men" (the "Bombarderos," or firemen), who are always present in any case of emergency, began the work of taking out the living and dead from the masses of ruins and debris to be found in every street. It may be asserted that not one building in the city of Ponce escaped uninjured. The City Hall, the "Alhambra," or Kioske, the Quartel Militaire (barracks, at which is now stationed the Eleventh United States Infantry), the Hospital Militaire, and many other public buildings were greatly damaged, and, of course, many private residences of substantial architecture suffered equally as much. A stranded Italian steamer was blown helplessly into the Ponce harbor; the steam launch of the Quartermaster's Department of the army, used in connection with the ocean transport service of the government, was stranded high up a small sound, and sailing vessels, which seem to be almost numberless in these southern seas, were driven ashore and wrecked. One of the cables of the island connecting us with the world was broken, and the old Spanish telegraph system, as well as that inaugurated by the Signal Service of the island since the American occupation, hardly had a pole standing. The electric light and telephone system of Ponce, and, I presume, those of other towns of the island, were lying in tangled heaps upon the streets, making passage almost impossible. Throughout the island, as in Ponce, the private houses have no facilities for baking bread, the cooking being done on open charcoal ovens, and bread bought of the baker or the "dulce" (sweets) man, who carries "freco majorka" in a large tray upon his head, and makes life miserable to the average American by his cries of "pan freco majorka, pan freco majorka!" Both the French and the Inglaterra hotels were about two days without bread, and the matter began to look rather serious, but the bakeries

have been repaired, and but for the destruction of the ice plant and the scarcity of pineapples, oranges and bananas and other fruits we should now be faring quite as well as usual.

The fruit of the coffee tree was scattered to the winds, and in some cases, where the trees are entirely blown down, from four to five years will be required to grow berry-producing trees; but it is believed that in but few districts the trees are entirely destroyed. The sugar and most of the tobacco crop for one season is lost, and, to add to the sufferings of the peons and the extremely poor, much of the tropical fruit, upon which they subsist, lies rotting upon the ground.

The lull in the tempest, lasting perhaps from two o'clock till half-past four or five, was succeeded by cloudbursts of rain. The day darkened, the sun disappeared, and it seemed that the ocean was pouring forth its contents—not as rain, but as one dense mass of water. At nine and ten o'clock in the evening cries and groans could be heard, and again the Bombarderos of Ponce went to the rescue. Their efforts were rewarded by the saving of hundreds of lives, one of their number being drowned in an effort to save an unfortunate woman. In Calle Marina at this time the water was from two to three feet deep, and in lower parts of the city the marks of debris may be seen high up on the buildings. At one such place in Calle Castillo, between the city and the Quartel Infanteria, a great depth was attained, and in this new-formed river the ghastly corpses of men and women were seen by torchlight and the flashes of lightning floating on toward the ocean.

An incident worthy of note occurred at about eleven o'clock at night, when the flood was at its height. In the low place above referred to, in Calle Castillo, struggling men and women were seen by torchlight passing down the river. Hastily assembling the troops of the Eleventh Infantry at the barracks, Major Myer, the commander of the district, exhorted them to work systematically in the effort to save these unfortunates. A line was formed reaching into the stream, and living and dead—men, women and children—were dragged upon the shore. Seventy-three lives were saved.



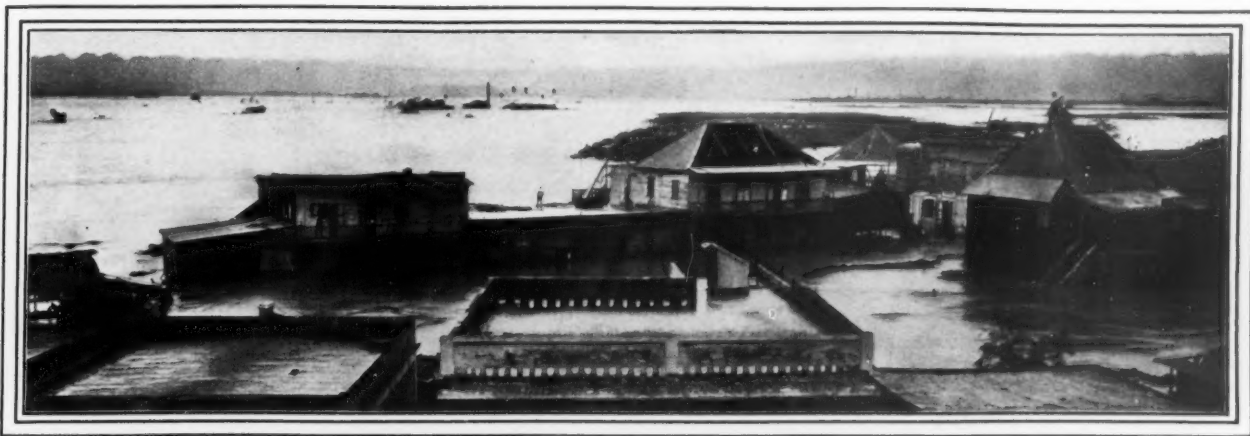
IRON SHEDS TORN APART AND DEMOLISHED BY THE FORCE OF THE WIND, PLAYA, PONCE



ESTRELLA STREET, PONCE, LOOKING WEST



CALLE DE LA VIRTUD (VIRTUDE STREET), PLAYA, PONCE



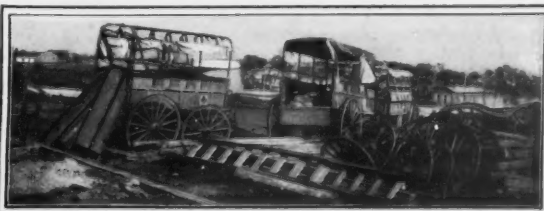
A SUBURB OF PONCE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD



THE BRIGANTINE "VENTURA" ASHORE UNLOADING THE RELIEF SHIP "McPHERSON" WRECKED TOBACCO HOUSE AT RIBAS

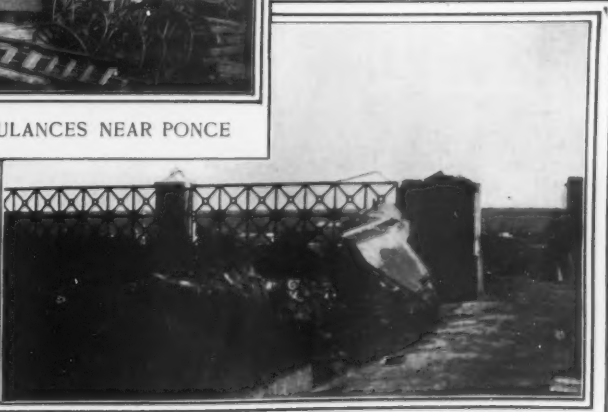


REMAINS OF THE BARRACKS AT SAN JUAN SHORTLY AFTER THE HURRICANE. SOLDIERS STRAIGHTENING OUT THE DEBRIS



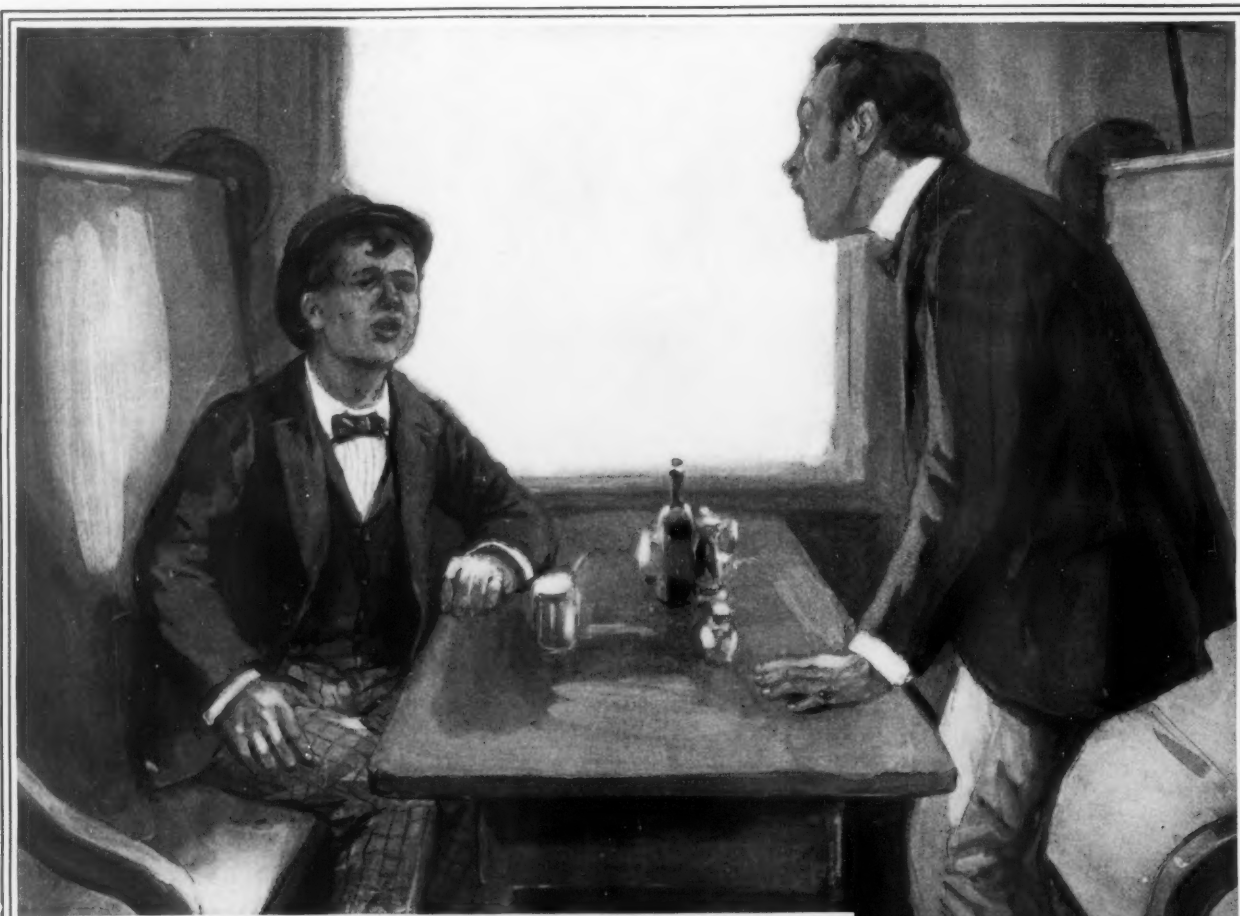
RUINED RED CROSS AMBULANCES NEAR PONCE

DESTITUTE PUERTO RICAN NATIVES AWAITING THE DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SUPPLIES BROUGHT BY THE "McPHERSON" FROM NEW YORK



THE WASHOUT AND WRECK OF THE BRIDGE AT PONCE WRECKED BATTLEMENTS AND IRON RAILING AT PONCE

HURRICANE-SWEPT PUERTO RICO



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

"WELL," HE SAYS, QUITE COOL LIKE, "I THINK I SHALL BE A BURGLAR!"

THE USES AND ABUSES OF JOSEPH

By JEROME K. JEROME, AUTHOR OF "IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW," ETC., ETC.



IT IS JUST the same with what you may call the human joints," observed Henry. He was in one of his philosophic moods that evening. "It all depends upon the cooking. I never see a youngster hanging up in the refrigerator, as one may put it, but I says to myself: 'Now I wonder what the cook is going to make of you! Will you be minced and devilled and fricasseed till you are all sauce and no meat? Will you be hammered tender and grilled over a slow fire till you are a blessing to mankind? Or will you be spoiled in the boiling, and come out a stringy rag, an immediate curse, and a permanent injury to those who have got to swallow you?'"

"There was a youngster I knew in my old coffee-shop days," continued Henry, "that in the end came to be eaten by cannibals. At least, so the newspapers said. Speaking for myself, I never believed the report; he wasn't that sort. If anybody was eaten, it was more likely the cannibal. But that is neither here nor there. What I am thinking of is what happened before he and the cannibals ever got high to one another. He was fourteen when I first set eyes on him—Mile End fourteen, that is; which is the same, I take it, as City eighteen and West End five-and-twenty—and he was smart for his age into the bargain: a trifle too smart, as a matter of fact. He always came into the shop at the same time, half-past two; he always sat in the seat next the window; and, three days out of six, he would order the same dinner: a fourpenny beefsteak pudding—we call it beefsteak, and, for all practical purposes, it was beefsteak—a penny plate of potatoes, and a penny slice of roly-poly pudding—'chest expander' was the name our customers gave it—to follow. That showed sense. I always thought, that dinner alone: a more satisfying menu, at the price, I defy any human being to work out. He always had a book with him, and he generally read during his meal; which is not a bad plan if you don't want to think too much about what you are eating. There was a seedy chap, I remember,

used to dine at a cheap restaurant where I once served, just off the Euston Road. He would stick a book up in front of him—Eppy something or other—and read the whole time. Our four-course shilling table d'hôte with Eppy, he would say, was a banquet fit for a prince; without Eppy he was of opinion that a policeman wouldn't touch it. But he was one of those men that report things for the newspapers, and was given to exaggeration.

"A coffee-shop becomes a bit of a desert toward three o'clock; and, after a while, young Tidelman, for that was his name, got to putting down his book, and chatting to me. His father was dead; which, judging from what he told me about the old man, must have been a bit of luck for everybody; and his mother, it turned out, had come from my own village in Suffolk; and that constituted a sort of bond between us, seeing I had known all her people pretty intimately. He was earning good money at a dairy, where his work was scouring milk-cans; and his Christian name—which was the only thing Christian about him—and that somehow or another didn't seem to fit him—was Joseph.

"One afternoon he came into the shop, looking as if he had lost a shilling and found sixpence, as the saying is; and instead of drinking water as usual, sent the girl out for a pint of ale. The moment it came, he drank off half of it at a gulp, and then sat staring out of the window.

"What's up?" I says. "Got the shove?"

"Yes," he answers; 'but, as it happens, it's a shove up. I've been taken off the yard and put on the walk, with a rise of two bob a week.' Then he took another pull at the beer and looked more savage than ever.

"Well," I says, 'that ain't the sort of thing to be humpy about.'

"Yes, it is," he snaps back; 'it means that if I don't take precious good care I'll drift into being a blooming milkman, spending my life yelling "Milk ahoi!" and spooning smutty-faced servant-gals across area railings.'

"Oh!" I says, 'and what may you prefer to spoon—duchesses?'

"Yes," he answers, sulky like; 'duchesses are right enough—some of 'em.'

"So are servant-gals," I says, 'some of 'em. Your hat's feeling a bit small for you this morning, ain't it?'

"Hat's all right," says he; 'it's the world as I'm complaining of—beastly place; there's nothing to do in it.'

"Oh!" I says; 'some of us find there's a bit too much.' I'd been up since five that morning myself; and his own work, which was scouring milk-cans for twelve hours a day, didn't strike me as suggesting a life of leisured ease.

"I don't mean that," he says. 'I mean things worth doing.'

"Well, what do you want to do," I says, 'that this world ain't big enough for?'

"It ain't the size of it," he says; 'it's the dulness of it. Things used to be different in the old days.'

"How do you know?" I says.

"You can read about it," he answers.

"Oh," I says, 'and what do they know about it—these gents that sit down and write about it for their living? You show me a book, cracking up the old times, writ by a chap as lived in 'em, and I'll believe you. Till then I'll stick to my opinion that the old days were much the same as these days, and maybe a trifle worse.'

"From a Sunday-school point of view, perhaps yes," says he; 'but there's no gainsaying—'

"No what?" I says.

"No gainsaying," repeats he; 'it's a common word in literatoor.'

"Maybe," says I, 'but this happens to be The Blue Posts Coffee House, established in the year 1863. We will talk the modern English here, if you don't mind.' One had to take him down like that at times. He was the sort of boy as would talk poetry to you, if you weren't firm with him.

"Well, then, there's no denying the fact," says he, 'if you prefer it that way, that in the old days there was more opportunity for adventure.'

"What about Australia?" says I.

"Australia!" retorts he; 'what would I do there? Be a shepherd, like you see in the pictures, wear ribbons, and play the flute?'

"There's not much of that sort of shepherding over there," says I, 'unless I've been deceived; but if Aus-

tralia ain't sufficiently uncivilized for you, what about Africa?"

"What's the good of Africa?" replies he; "you don't read advertisements in the 'Clerkenwell News': 'Young men wanted as explorers.' I'd drift into a barber's shop at Cape Town more likely than anything else."

"What about the gold diggings?" I suggests. I like to see a youngster with the spirit of adventure in him. It shows grit as a rule.

"Played out," says he; "you are employed by a company, wages ten dollars a week, and a pension for your old age. Everything's played out," he continues. "Men ain't wanted nowadays. There's only room for clerks, and intelligent artisans, and shop-boys."

"Go for a soldier," says I; "there's excitement for you."

"That would have been all right," says he, "in the days when there was real fighting."

"There's a good bit of it going about nowadays," I says. "We are generally at it, on and off, between shouting about the blessings of peace."

"Not the sort of fighting I mean," replies he; "I want to do something myself, not be one of a row."

"Well," I says, "I give you up. You've dropped into the wrong world it seems to me. We don't seem able to cater for you here."

"I've come a bit too late," he answers; "that's the mistake I've made. Two hundred years ago there were lots of things a fellow might have done."

"Yes, I know what's in your mind," I says; "pirates."

"Yes, pirates would be all right," says he; "they got plenty of sea-air and exercise, and didn't need to join a blooming Funeral Club."

"You've got ideas above your station," I says; "you work hard, and one day you'll have a milk-shop of your own, and be walking out with a pretty housemaid on your arm, feeling as if you were the Prince of Wales himself."

"Stow it!" he says; "it makes me shiver for fear it might come true. I'm not cut out for a respectable cove, and I won't be one, neither, if I can help it!"

"What do you mean to be, then?" I says. "We've all got to be something, until we're stiff 'uns."

"Well," he says, quite cool like, "I think I shall be a burglar."

"I dropped into the seat opposite and stared at him. If any other lad had said it I should have known it was only foolishness, but he was just the sort to mean it."

"It's the only calling I can think of," says he, "that has got any element of excitement left in it."

"You call seven years at Portland 'excitement,' do you?" says I, thinking of the argument most likely to tell upon him.

"What's the difference," answers he, "between Portland and the ordinary laboring man's life? except that at Portland you never need fear being out of work." He was a rare one to argue. "Besides," says he, "it's only the fools as gets copped. Look at that diamond robbery in Bond Street, two years ago. Fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels stolen, and never a clew to this day! Look at the Dublin Bank robbery," says he, his eyes all alight, and his face flushed like a girl's. "Three thousand pounds in golden sovereigns walked away with in broad daylight, and never so much as the flick of a coat-tail seen. Those are the sort of men I'm thinking of, not the bricklayer out of work, who smashes a window and gets ten years for breaking open a cheesemonger's till with nine and fourpence ha'penny in it."

"Yes," says I, "and are you forgetting the chap who was nabbed at Birmingham only last week? He wasn't exactly an amateur. How long do you think he'll get?"

"A man like that deserves what he gets," answers he; "couldn't hit a policeman at six yards."

"You bloodthirsty young scoundrel," I says; "do you mean you wouldn't stick at murder?"

"It's all in the game," says he, not in the least put out. "I take my risks, he takes his. It's no more murder than soldiering is."

"It's taking a human creature's life," I says.

"Well," he says, "what of it? There's plenty more where he comes from."

"I tried reasoning with him from time to time, but he wasn't a sort of boy to be moved from a purpose. His mother was the only argument that had any weight with him. I believe so long as she lived he would have kept straight; that was the only soft spot in him. But unfortunately she died a couple of years later, and then I lost sight of Joe altogether. I made inquiries, but no one could tell me anything. He had just disappeared, that's all."

"One afternoon, four years later, I was sitting in the coffee-room of a city restaurant where I was working, reading the account of a clever robbery committed the day before. The thief, described as a well-dressed young man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing a short black beard and mustache, had walked into a branch of the London and Westminster Bank during the dinner-hour, when only the manager and one clerk were there. He had gone straight through to the manager's room at the back of the bank, taken the key from the inside of

the door, and before the man could get round his desk had locked him in. The clerk, with a knife to his throat, had then been persuaded to empty all the loose cash in the bank, amounting in gold and notes to nearly five hundred pounds, into a bag which the thief had thoughtfully brought with him. After which both of them—for the thief seems to have been of a sociable disposition—got into a cab which was waiting outside and drove away. They drove straight to the City; the clerk, with a knife pricking the back of his neck all the time, must have found it a tiresome ride. In the middle of Threadneedle Street, the gentlemanly young man suddenly stopped the cab and got out, leaving the clerk to pay the cabman."

"Somehow or other the story brought back Joseph to my mind. I seemed to see him as that well-dressed, gentlemanly young man; and, raising my eyes from the paper, there he stood before me. He had scarcely changed at all since I last saw him, except that he had grown better looking, and seemed more cheerful. He nodded to me as though we had parted the day before, and ordered a chop and a small hack. I spread a fresh serviette for him, and asked him if he cared to see the paper."

"Anything interesting in it, Henry?" says he.

"Rather a daring robbery committed on the Westminster Bank yesterday," I answers.

"Oh, ah! I did see something about that," says he.

"The thief was described as a well-dressed young man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing a black beard and mustache," says I.



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

"PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD," SAYS SHE

"He laughs pleasantly. 'That will make it awkward for nice young men with black beards and mustaches,' says he."

"Yes," I says. "Fortunately for you and me, we're clean shaved." I felt as certain he was the man as though I'd seen him do it.

"He gives me a sharp glance, but I was busy with the cruet, and he had to make what he chose out of it."

"Yes," he replies, "as you say, it was a daring robbery. But the man seems to have got away all right."

"I could see he was dying to talk to somebody about it."

"He's all right to-day," says I; "but the police ain't the fools they're reckoned. I've noticed they generally get there in the end."

"There's some very intelligent men among them," says he; "no question of it. I shouldn't be surprised if they had a clew!"

"No," I says, "no more should I; though no doubt he's telling himself there never was such a clever thief."

"Well, we shall see," says he.

"That's about it," says I.

"We talked a bit about old acquaintances and other things, and then, having finished, he handed me a sovereign and rose to go."

"Wait a minute," I says, "your bill comes to three-and-eight. Say fourpence for the waiter; that leaves sixteen shillings change, which I'll ask you to put in your pocket."

"As you will," he says, laughing, though I could see he didn't like it.

"And one other thing," says I. "We've been sort of pals, and it's not my business to talk unless I'm spoken to. But I'm a married man," I says, "and I don't consider you the sort worth getting into trouble for. If I never see you, I know nothing about you. Understand?"

"He took my tip, and I didn't see him again at that restaurant. I kept my eye on the paper, but the Westminster Bank thief was never discovered, and success, no doubt, gave him confidence. Anyhow, I read of two or three burglaries that winter which I unhesitatingly put down to Mr. Joseph—I suppose there's style in house-breaking, as in other things—and early the next spring an exciting bit of business occurred, which I knew to be his work by the description of the man."

"He had broken into a big country house during the servants' supper hour, and had stuffed his pockets with jewels. One of the guests, a young officer, coming upstairs, interrupted him just as he had finished. Joseph threatened the man with his revolver; but this time it was not a nervous young clerk he had to deal with. The man sprang at him, and a desperate struggle followed, with the result that in the end the officer was left with a bullet in his leg, while Joseph jumped clean through the window, and fell thirty feet. Cut and bleeding, if not broken, he would never have got away but that, fortunately for him, a tradesman's cart happened to be standing at the servants' entrance. Joe was in it, and off like a flash of greased lightning. How he managed to escape, with all the country in an uproar, I can't tell you; but he did it. The horse and cart, when found sixteen miles off, were neither worth much."

"That, it seems, sobered him down for a bit, and nobody heard any more of him till nine months later, when he walked into the Monico, where I was then working, and held out his hand to me as bold as brass."

"It's all right," says he, "it's the hand of an honest man."

"It's come into your possession very recently then," says I. He was dressed in a black frock-coat and wore whiskers. If I hadn't known him, I should have put him down for a parson out of work."

"He laughs. 'I'll tell you all about it,' he says."

"Not here," I answers, "because I'm too busy; but if you like to meet me this evening, and you're talking straight—?"

"Straight as a bullet," says he. "Come and have a bit of dinner with me at the Craven; it's quiet there, and we can talk. I've been looking for you for the last week."

"Well, I met him; and he told me. It was the old story; a gal was at the bottom of it. He had broken into a small house at Hampstead. He was on the floor, packing up the silver, when the door opens, and he sees a gal standing there. She held a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other."

"Put your hands up above your head," says she.

"I looked at the revolver," said Joe, telling me; "it was about eighteen inches off my nose; and then I looked at the gal. There's lots of 'em will threaten to blow your brains out for you, but you've only got to look at 'em to know they won't. They are thinking of the coroner's inquest, and wondering how the judge will sum up. She met my eyes, and I held up my hands. If I hadn't I wouldn't have been here."

"Now you go in front," says she to Joe, and he went. She laid her candle down in the hall and unbolted the front door."

"What are you going to do?" says Joe; "call the police? Because if so, my dear, I'll take my chance of that revolver being really loaded and of your pulling the trigger in time. It will be a more dignified ending."

"No," says she, "I had a brother who got seven years for forgery. I don't want to think of another face like his when he came out. I'm going to see you outside my master's house, and that's all I care about."

"She went down the garden-path with him, and opened the gate."

"You turn round," says she, "before you reach the bottom of the lane and I give the alarm." And Joe went straight, and didn't look behind him."

"Well, it was a rum beginning to a courtship, but the end was rummer. The girl was willing to marry him if he would turn honest. Joe wanted to turn honest, but didn't know how."

"It's no use fixing me down, my dear, to any quiet, respectable calling," says Joe to the gal, "because, even if the police would let me alone, I wouldn't be able to stop there. I'd break out, sooner or later, try as I might."

"The gal went to her master, who seems to have been an odd sort of a cove, and told him the whole story. The old gent said he'd see Joe, and Joe called on him."

"What's your religion?" says the old gent to Joe.

"I'm not particular, sir; I'll leave it to you," says Joe.

"Good!" says the old gent. "You're no fanatic. What are your principles?"

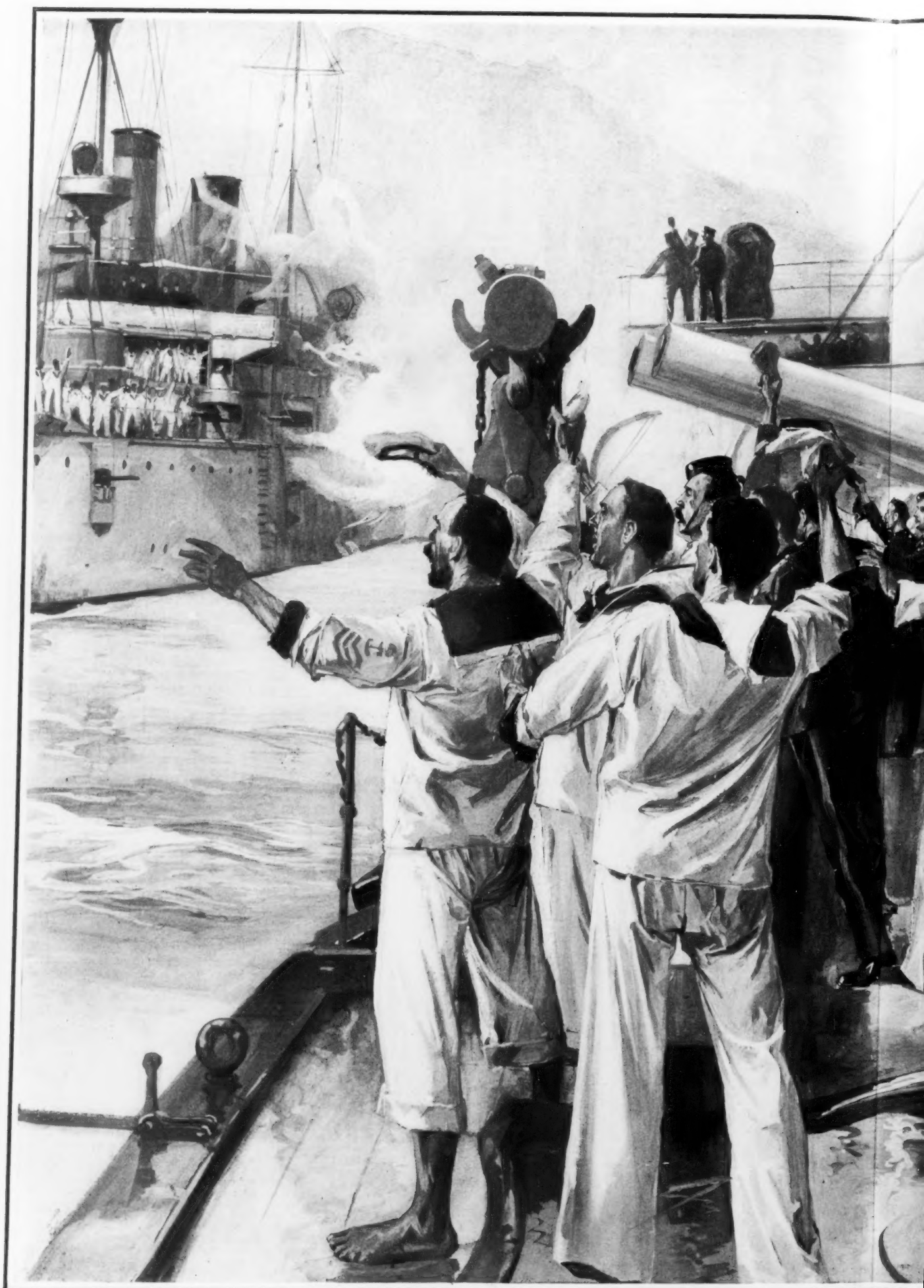
"At first Joe didn't think he'd got any; but, the old gent leading, he found to his surprise as he had."

"I believe in doing a job thoroughly," says Joe.

"What your hand finds to do, you believe in doing with all your might, eh?" says the old gent.

"That's it, sir," says Joe. "That's what I've always tried to do."

"Anything else?" asks the old gent.



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

THE ARRIVAL OF DEWE

THE CREW OF THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP "DEVASTATION" CHEERING THE INCOMING "OLYMPIA," MONDAY



DEWEY AT GIBRALTAR

A," MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, AS THE CRUISER FIRED A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE GARRISON

"Yes; stick to your pals," says Joe.
 "Through thick and thin," suggests the old gent.
 "To the blooming end," agrees Joe.
 "That's right," says the old gent. "Faithful unto death. And you really want to turn over a new leaf—to put your wits and your energy and your courage to good use instead of to bad?"

"That's the idea," says Joe.
 "The old gent murmurs something to himself about a stone which the builders wouldn't have at any price; and then he turns and puts it straight:

"If you undertake the work," says he, "you'll go through with it without faltering—you'll devote your life to it?"

"If I undertake the job, I'll do that," says Joe. "What may it be?"

"To go to Africa," says the old gent, "as a missionary."

"Joe sits down and stares at the old gent, and the old gent looks him back.

"It's a dangerous station," says the old gent. "Two of our people have lost their lives there. It wants a man there—a man who will do something besides preach, who will save these poor people we have gathered together there from being scattered and lost, who will be their champion, their protector, their friend."

"In the end Joe took on the job, and went out with his wife. A better missionary that society never had and never wanted. I read one of his early reports home; and if the others were anything like it his life must have been exciting enough, even for him. His station was a small island of civilization, as one may say, in the middle of a sea of savages. Before he had been there a month, the place had been attacked twice. On the first occasion Joe's 'flock' had crowded into the mission house, and commenced to pray, that having been the plan of defence adopted by his predecessor. Joe cut the prayer short, and preached to them from the text, 'Heaven helps them as helps themselves'; after which he proceeded to deal out axes and old rifles. In his report he mentioned that he had taken a hand himself, merely as an example to the flock; I bet he had never enjoyed an evening more in all his life. The second night began, as usual, round the mission, but seems to have ended two miles off. In less than six months he had rebuilt the schoolhouse, organized a police force, converted all that was left of one tribe, and started a tin church. He added (but I don't think they read that part of his report aloud) that law and order was going to be respected, and life and property secure in his district so long as he had a bullet left.

"Later on the society sent him still further inland, to open up a fresh station; and there it was that, according to the newspapers, the cannibals got hold of him and ate him. As I said, personally I don't believe it. One of these days he'll turn up, sound and whole: he is that sort."

THE END

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1899

EVERY AMERICAN who lives in London must have made out his list of British "peculiarities," trifling or otherwise. A collection of these lists might prove diverting to dwellers in either country. My own list, so far as memory enables me to command it, is brief, yet somehow it seems to me rather pungent. Why, for example, do they always placard a building or a trolly here, when it is being painted, with the words "Wet Paint," instead of "Paint" alone? Why is a house here always "To be Let" instead of "To Let"? Why are our "canned" things always called "tinned"? Why is the word "tasty" (which we solely apply to dress) used in reference to edibles—as a "tasty" dish of potatoes, asparagus or peas? Why are the straw brooms which we use in America, and which are shaped like a huge clothes-whisk, almost unprocureable in England, the old-fashioned, long, wedge-shaped implement, shaped like a huge scrubbing-brush, being so widely preferred? Why, when you are asked to dinner, do people in every refined class of society

accompany the invitation with R.S.V.P.? Why is the word "mucilage" unknown, and the word "gum" retained? and why, alas, is the "gum" that you get so keenly inconvenient both as to brush and bottle? Why is good stationery so marvellously cheap, while ordinary lead-pencils are double the price of those bought on Sixth Avenue or Broadway? Why, again, are the "tinned" relishes, like potted ham, tongue, chicken, etc., so far inferior to our own? Why, again, are the meats of England so superior to those of America, which they unquestionably are? Why, on the other hand, are there no American beefsteaks here, with a bone in the centre, whether they be sirloin or "porter-house"? I have not quite reached the end of my list, but the limit of my space forbids me to extend it. Perhaps many a reader has many another "why." As I have said, an assemblage of such international "whys" would make interesting reading. I should like, for my own part, to encounter a very long list indeed, and quarrel with this item, smile approval at that, as my wisdom or ignorance might autocritically prompt.

The tidings reach us here that Japan is adopting a new form of capital punishment. It is called the

anticipation of death. Let them eliminate that, if they choose; but until they do so capital punishment must remain with them, as with us in America, as indeed with every other enlightened country, no milder than it was a century ago.

Tourists who come to London usually avoid the churches. Of course I don't mean Westminster Abbey, to which a new-comer usually has himself driven after swallowing his first cup of hotel or lodging-house coffee. As a rule, in avoiding the churches, tourists are pardonable, though I hasten to add one more exception, St. Paul's. The other day, however, being in that shabby and mazy part of the town which encircles St. Giles's, I let circumstance give me one arm, as it were, and opportunity the other. Between these two willing guides I had myself conducted to the plainest and most humble of sanctuaries, once the centre, no doubt, of an appreciable space, but now closely environed by the dingiest abodes of ever-dingy Cripplegate. Still, the little structure had antiquity to recommend it, and the wedged-in look of its approaches expressed a fascinating cohesiveness. It was built at the end of the fourteenth century, and you felt the pathos

of its meek survival against the encroachments, on every side, of an ugly and aggressive modernity. The interior, too, though palpably restored, nevertheless teemed with ancient charm. As I stood on the worn flagstones facing the simple puritanic altar, I remembered that Oliver Cromwell, nearly three hundred years ago, had done the same; for here, one bygone day, he was married. Below these same stones, too, slept John Milton—probably, when all is said, the loftiest poet England ever produced. They could not tell me the exact place of Milton's sepulchre, but my guide, by a little circular wave of the hand, indicated that it was within a radius of four or five yards. Many people fancy that Milton is buried in the Abbey, because of the commemorative bust placed there. But great poets, in those days, were not thought worthy of grand obsequies and interments. Tennyson, who adored Milton and learned much from him, rests in much lordlier surroundings. Not far from this humble little Cripplegate Church is the "Grub Street" of Pope's time, though it is now called Milton Street; and still nearer to either was or is (for nobody seems just able to find it) the house where Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," blind and with the aid of his two devoted daughters—a manuscript which he afterward sold (hear it, ye fashionable scribblers of the hour!) for so stupendously petty a sum as five pounds!

I heard, the other day, that a London publisher who was considering a book by an American author which had already been printed in New York, asked him for a few transatlantic notices of the work. "Oh," was the reply, "there aren't any to speak of." This, I suppose, is in the main true of many American books now issued. But it is not by any means true of English books. Here the reviews are not only copious but extremely laudatory. You seldom meet with newspaper condemnation, and almost never with open sneers. It has been suggested that the very active libel law in Great Britain is a principal cause of such prevalent courtesy. But now it is complained here that both publishers and editors are often fatuously eager to secure printed favors from the London press. One prominent journal places in its columns the following request as "an extract from our letter-bag of to-day":

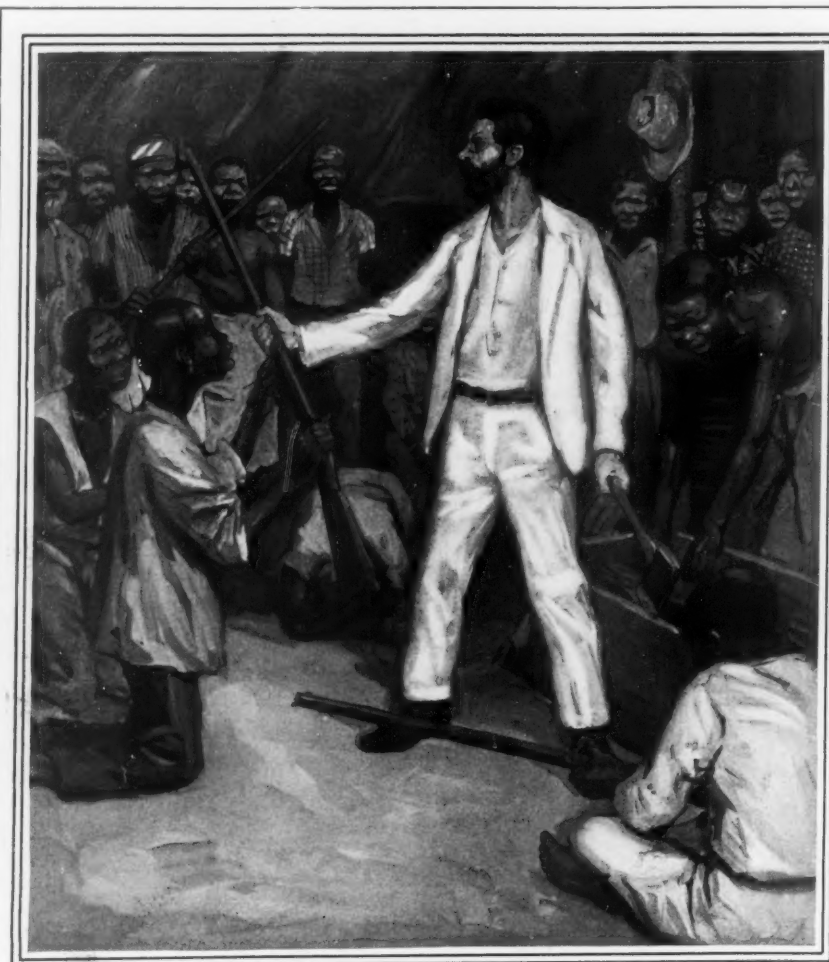
With Messrs. —'s compliments,

Literary Note.

One feels like saying of each number of "The —," as it appears fresh from the press, that it is the best number that has ever been published of that magazine. . . . We think that the foregoing summary of the contents of the June — bears out the statement that for interest and timeliness it has beaten its own record.

"This frank piece of self-praise," adds the journal in question, "is sent not to the advertisement office, but to the 'literary editor.' Many even of the best publishing firms now scatter similar missives about the newspaper offices. Perhaps we are very old-fashioned, but we confess we prefer the practice of independent criticism."

EDGAR FAWCETT.



DRAWN BY PETER SEWELL.

"HE PROCEEDED TO DEAL OUT AXES AND OLD RIFLES"

vacuum chamber. In one minute and forty seconds the cell of the condemned man will be emptied of air by a pump. Almost instant death will ensue. The chamber is to be eight feet in height, ten in width, and ten in length. In each side an air-tight window is to be inserted, of three-quarter inch plate glass, and by such means officials may watch precisely what occurs. Meanwhile we are informed that the prisoner will have to undergo certain mortuary preparations. He will be stripped, so as to prevent the lodgment of any air in folds of his clothing. He will also be placed on the flat of his back, with hands joined above his head, so that the chest may be contracted, thus expelling air from the lungs. . . . This is all very scientific and speedy as a means of execution, but if it aims at merciful methods it surely is no more a success than our own electric chair. The truth is, no merciful execution seems yet to have been decided on by any nation under the sun. If the element of *misericordia* is to be introduced, then it becomes a farce when the prisoner is made aware of his near and menacing death. Again and again hanging has been pronounced on the best of all authority (by those who have regained consciousness after the rope had wrought complete extinction of it) a wholly painless death. I know a famous physician who had himself "hanged" when a boy, and whose appointed watcher "cut him down" in a comatose condition. He has assured me that his sensations were entirely agreeable. No; the Japanese, with all their phenomenal "advancement," have not altered matters a whit. Everything lies in the culprit's an-

THE SIEGE OF GUERIN

(See page 5)

VAST INDEED is the versatility of the French! Surely no other nation could furnish contemporaneously such a tragedy as the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, and such a farce-comedy as the defiance of the government's efforts to arrest him by M. Jules Guerin in Paris. For the rest of us this latter episode is all the funnier because the Parisians view it with perfect seriousness.

M. Guerin is the president of the Anti-Semite League. He was charged with being implicated in a plot to overthrow the government, and on Saturday, August 12, the police undertook to arrest him at the headquarters of the League in the Rue de Chabrol. M. Guerin flatly refused to become a common prisoner; he would a martyr be. Barricading himself in his house, he called about him his brave followers, including the composers on the "Anti-Juif" newspaper, and from a front window hurled defiance at the gendarmes.

Meanwhile solemn conclaves were in progress between Premier Waldeck-Rousseau and the prefect of police as to what should be done with the terrible Guerin. The assistant chief of detectives was sent to his stronghold with a fresh warrant for his arrest. Guerin appeared at a window. "If you want me, come and take me," he exclaimed heroically. Thereupon the officer withdrew. "You want to fight?" shouted Guerin after him. "Well, we'll fight. But permit me to tell you you are doing very dirty business." Then, in full view of the crowds in the street, the valiant leader turned to his faithful followers inside and, in an opera-bouffe voice, exclaimed, "Come, comrades, let us die! They will only take me dead!" Duly impressed with this tragic climax, the excited audience below shouted madly, "Vive Guerin!"

All this time efforts at mediation were making. M. Joseph Lasiés, anti-Semite deputy, Generals Jacquy and Lague gravely went to and fro between the Rue de Chabrol and the Elysée. Guerin agreed to surrender if allowed to leave his place and proceed at his leisure to the Palais de Justice, where he would give himself up. The government refused. Guerin declined further concessions. That was his ultimatum: he would never yield. "It is all over," exclaimed M. Lasiés in tragic tones, after he emerged from the beleaguered spot. "These men are so impressed with the idea of death that it is impossible to do anything with them!"

Ten days after the siege began his cook was removed to the hospital, made ill, he claimed, by hunger. He reported that there were only twelve men inside, and that the provisions were about exhausted. The Premier refused permission to Deputy Millevoje to reconnect the

water pipes and reinvictual the establishment. This unheard-of harshness enraged the anti-Semites. Guerin's stock as a martyr rose. His partisans made strenuous efforts to smuggle him food.

One day a leg of mutton was thrown from a house across the way. It fell short, and the police grabbed it. M. Guerin, made mad at sight of meat so near and yet so far, shook his fist out of the window. "You policemen, servants of scoundrels, ought to let things go," he shouted. "You can't allow us to die of hunger. Ah! Bon Dieu! But we shall resist. Send us what our friends have thrown us, or fire on us at once, savages!"

A band of marketwomen, descendants of those who marched on Versailles, were discovered conveying provisions to the besieged and dispersed by the police. When an "Anti-Juif" reporter was arrested trying to pass food into the fortress, M. Guerin fired on the policeman. The government trembled at this display of bloodthirstiness.

After a few days of comparative quiet in the Rue de Chabrol, it was learned that the intrenched heroes had built a fresh barricade of chairs and tables, soaked with petroleum, and wild rumors went abroad that they "contemplated immolation." A fireman was promptly stationed outside. When, at four o'clock on the morning of August 26, a black flag was hoisted over the house, the worst was feared. It turned out that it was only one of Guerin's men ill. Guerin said the flag meant "resistance to the death." The sick man's mother, allowed to enter the fort, reported the commander of the intrenched force "greatly agitated."

And to Frenchmen all this is no joke. One likes to wonder just how long it would have lasted had M. Guerin tried his make-believe martyrdom on the New York police, just how much stock the New York populace would have taken in his mock heroism.

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ESCORTING THE TRANSPORT "SHERMAN," WITH THE CALIFORNIA TROOPS ON BOARD, UP THE BAY

RETURN OF THE CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS

A ROYAL reception was given the First California regiment at San Francisco on its return from the Philippines. It was a popular demonstration of the immense interest entertained by the people of California in a regiment composed of scions of its most notable families and fairly representing its youth, physical manhood, and intellectual greatness.

The transport *Sherman* arrived outside the heads on Wednesday, the 24th of August, and was detained there until the following day at noon, when, accompanied by tooting, screaming fleets of yachts, steamers and craft of every description, bearing tens of thousands of people, she slowly steamed up the bay, greeted by salutes from the forts and ironclads and the cheers of a mighty multitude. Every hill and structure affording a prospect of the bay was black with masses of people cheering and waving flags. The lever of every steam whistle for miles around was tied down.

The succeeding morning found the troops landed at the wharf, whence they were marched to the nave of the ferry for breakfast, given to them and their immediate relatives. Afterward the march to the Presidio camp was commenced, and proceeded by the way of Market Street and Van Ness Avenue, the two broadest thoroughfares in the city—a distance of six miles. Throughout the march the streets were alive with spectators, windows were crowded, vacant lots were utilized in building temporary structures for spectators, and every roof and perch was preempted by spectators.

California emptied its population into San Francisco on that day, and General Shafter added to the distinction of the occasion by his presence.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT NICE

NICE, AUGUST 24

ALORS, IT IS plain enough that the admiral is in France. There is all the difference between the official reception here and in Italian ports; of the finish a French and an Italian laundry puts on your shirts; of the care which a Nice caddy takes of his cab and a Neapolitan caddy does not take of his; of a French woman's and an Italian woman's way of holding her skirts. The *Olympia* came into the harbor of Villefranche as jauntily as a French woman steps over a crossing, only of course she did not show quite so much of her shoes. She was received as gracefully as Monsieur the Prefect of Marine could offer his hand to any lady.

The French may not think that the admiral won a great victory; their sympathies in the late war may have been with Spain. A morning paper, in an account of the admiral's deed, says: "Our readers know that he is celebrated for having destroyed with a modern squadron, well armed and armored, the poor wooden ships of the Spaniards grouped under his cannon at Cavite." Possibly that is the general opinion of the French people. It does not matter this way or that to anybody, unless to them, what they think. For, thanks to their punctiliousness, officers and men have had every favor they could desire or expect unless they were Russians. If they were Russians they would have been hugged and kissed, so they are glad that they are not Russians.

The admiral said he would be here at eight A.M., and at just eight A.M. the *Olympia* was made fast to the buoy nearest the shore which Monsieur the Commissaire had reserved for her. If her position were any indication you might think that Monsieur the Commissaire's politeness had prompted her to emerge from the exclusiveness which has kept her well out from the land heretofore. I am afraid there is just a little affection in this eternal punctuality of Captain Lambertson. The deviation of a few minutes from schedule time would vary the monotony.

Monsieur the Commissaire was at Villefranche at seven ready to welcome the admiral in the name of the Admiral de la Jaille, Maritime Prefect of Toulon. It would have broken his heart if a full admiral had been compelled to wait an hour after his flagship anchored to receive this welcome. At six the *Olympia* was sighted from the signal station. A little later a yacht just coming out of the harbor dipped her colors to her. The admiral had missed seeing the king of Greece in his *Amphitrite*, who was on his way to Trieste. If the king had not the satisfaction of seeing the captain of the *Pensacola*, who so greatly pleased him by his bearing, a full admiral as he had hoped, he could see the blue flag with four white stars which has floated from her mast since the President signed a certain act of Congress. As she came in between the two points at the entrance of the harbor, her bulk of white under the sky of the sixth ocean and in the waters of the Mediterranean, which give her an appearance of more than her real size, she was a thing of beauty as well as power. She was magnificent. The officers on board the French men-of-war appreciated the picture which no vessel not white can present. Without the reputation of being an artistic nation we nevertheless pay for the extra paint to make our men-of-war as white as the Republic. But we have not a reputation for economy and the French have. They paint their men-of-war a dingy tone which, in the reflection of the water, turns graceful lines into ugly ones. The nucleus of our modern navy—the White Squadron—was distinctive in its color. Now our whole navy is. If any other

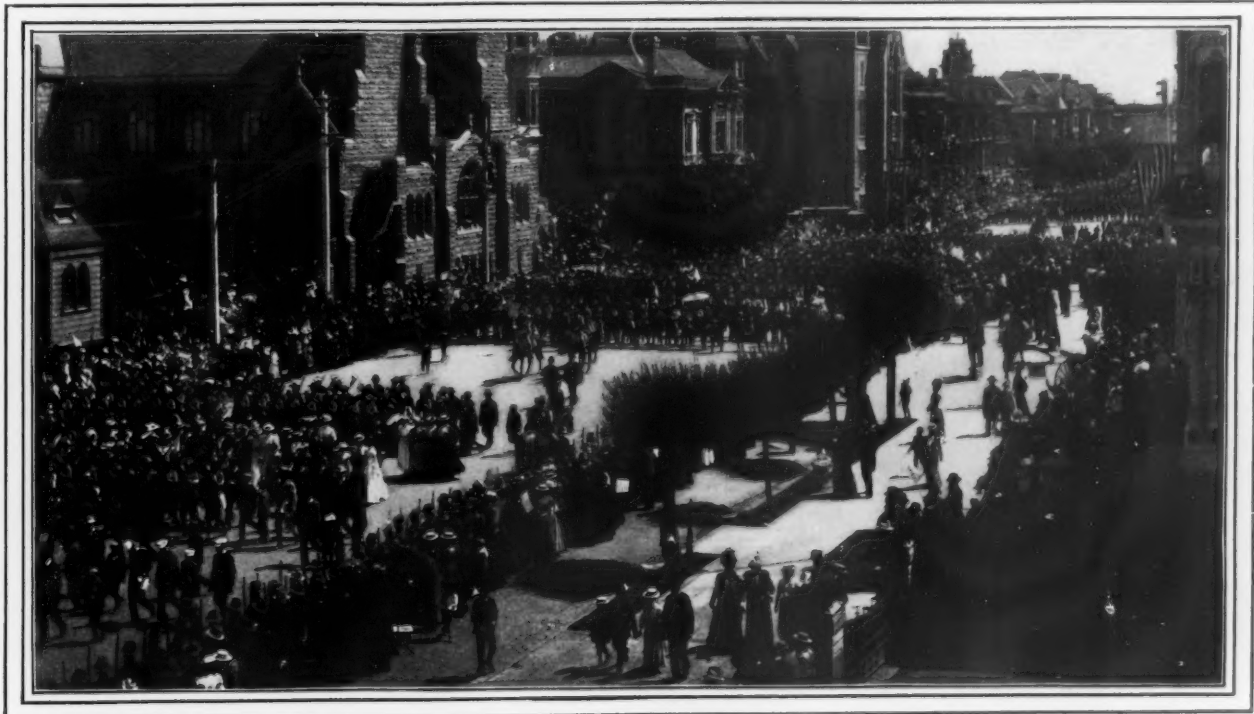
nation imitates us we shall be in the mood of a man who thought he was to be alone in his sleeping compartment from Paris to Marseilles and found that he had a companion.

Rear-Admiral Bienaimé, who commands the superior school of the navy, was in the harbor before the admiral, having come here as a matter of respect to one holding the position of a full admiral in the navy of a friendly power. His flagship, the *Admiral Charner*, and the *Davoust* and *Erant* were grouped around the vacant buoy which awaited the coming of the distinguished guest. Villefranche has never received a full admiral before, as a matter of fact. There are none in the French navy now and have been none since the Prince de Joinville. When she was almost opposite to the citadel, just at the psychological moment, the *Olympia's* guns let the shore know of her presence as any foreign man-of-war must before the shore officially recognizes her existence. The citadel responded. As the *Olympia* neared the *Admiral Charner* the guns of Admiral Bienaimé's flagship spoke with a salute to a full admiral. Just as a little tug came purring out, as if she were as pleased with her position as a cat on a rug before the fire, to assist the *Olympia* to the buoy, our flagship, her whiteness intensified by the nearer contrast with the French cruisers, responded to the *Admiral Charner's* salute with a salute to Admiral Bienaimé. With the echo of her guns dying away, while she was swinging up to the buoy, the strains of the Marseillaise burst from the band on the *Olympia's* afterdeck. "I know your song, we have a song of freedom in America. Already I feel at home," the visitor seemed to say.

That won the heart of every Frenchman in the harbor. The journalist who wrote the spiteful words that I have quoted must have turned penitent. The *Admiral Charner* responded by her bugles beating the call aux champs and manning the yards. It is a rainy day when a monsieur cannot be as polite as a mister. In ten minutes after the *Olympia* was at anchor Admiral Dewey told him what a pleasure it was to visit a port which he associated with the most pleasant recollections; and he drank a glass of champagne with Admiral Bienaimé. After Admiral Bienaimé came Monsieur the Commissaire, in the proper order and at the right moment, mounting the gangway with a step as light as that of the admiral himself. He expressed to the admiral the best wishes of the Maritime Prefect of Toulon. The admiral said that he would send Captain Lambertson ashore on the following day to return the call.

At one o'clock, the hour agreed upon, the admiral in his barge, with Lieutenant Brumby accompanying him, was at the gangway of the *Admiral Charner*.

FREDERICK PALMER.



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THE MARCH OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA REGIMENT TO THE PRESIDIO

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Nobody can deny that postage stamp collecting is a great help in teaching children geography. Jack showed this at school, when the teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly.

"It's on page 98," said Jack, "and it produces more sets of stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

AN UNCONSCIOUS ESTIMATE

CUSTOMER: "I haven't any change with me this morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until to-morrow?"

Chemist: "Certainly, Mr. Bones."

Customer: "But suppose I should get killed?"

Chemist: "Pray don't speak of it, Mr. Bones; the loss would be but a trifle."

REJECTED WITH THANKS

"Good-day, gentlemen."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the doorway of the editorial room, and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell you a story?" he continued.

"What kind of a tale have you ground out?" asked the assistant sub-editor.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted and—"

"Well, let us hear how it comes out. Read us your last sentence."

The visitor seated himself and read as follows: "For answer Gladys' beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands; and there, under the heavy fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and, raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was."

"Why, I don't see—" began the author.

"Of course you don't. Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to Nature that should ever characterize the works of genius published in our columns."

A GERMAN FAD

SOME idea of the pictorial post-card craze in Germany is given by the figures just published by our consul at Frankfurt. About 12,000 workmen are employed in producing these postal souvenirs, and it is estimated that every day about 100 new designs are published. Allowing for each card an issue of 1,000 only—and this is a modest estimate—it means a total of 100,000 per day, or something like 30,000,000 per annum. Since the introduction of the souvenir card, the number of post-cards despatched in Germany has increased by 12,000,000. The latest cards are a great improvement on the earlier ones, and some bear etchings by artists of repute.

BERESFORD'S CHOICE

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD as a boy was the despair of both his parents and teachers. On his thirteenth birthday his father gave him his choice whether he would enter the army or the navy, or take up orders.

"Well," he concluded, "what is it to be, my lady?"

"The navy, my lord."

"And why the navy, boy?"

"Cause I'd like to be an admiral—like Nelson."

"Pshaw—like Nelson! Why Nelson?"

"Cause I want to."

"But even if you were to join the navy, why do you think you will ever become an admiral, Charlie?"

"Cause I mean to," was the blunt reply. He had his wish, and entered the navy.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW

AT A DINNER-PARTY one of the guests, an enthusiastic golfer, started off with the white-bait to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the dessert was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking; indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject—incredible, but still possible.

"I am afraid I have been boring you with our talk of the link," he said, in half apology.

"Oh, no; not at all," was the pretty maiden's polite response. "Only, what is golf?"

HE STOOD THE TEST

"Tom, you ask me to be your wife—to give you my heart, my all. Think well of what you say, and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor."

"Anything you ask, my love."

"Then promise me that you will never smoke another cigar as long as you live."

"I promise, dear."

"And doesn't it cost you a pang?"

"Not a pang. I'd rather smoke a pipe any day."

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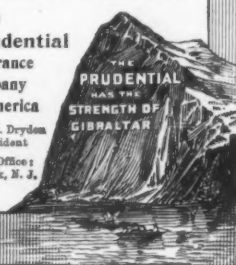
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And that's but one extreme.

Before the beer comes to this room it is brewed in air tight cauldrons. After it leaves here it is filtered, then sterilized. Absolute cleanliness all through.

Not another article of your food or drink is the subject of such caution. But beer is saccharine. Any impurity would multiply in it and make the beer unhealthful.

It is by such extremes as we show you that we maintain the reputation of Schlitz Beer for absolute purity.

"Green" beer—half-aged beer—is the beer that causes biliousness.

Your physician will tell you that Schlitz, the beer that made Milwaukee famous, will not make you bilious.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

THE POLO SEASON

THE polo season now drawing to a close has been the most successful one the sport has ever enjoyed in this country, and the polo sharps are now eagerly looking forward to the blue ribbon event of the year, in the competitions for the Astor Gold Cup, which take place on Prospect Park Parade Ground, Brooklyn, September 18, 19 and 23. The polo championship was inaugurated in 1895, and in that year it was won by the Myopia Club, of Hamilton, Mass. In the following year the cup was won by the Rockaway Club, of Cedarhurst, L. I. In 1897 Meadowbrook captured the much-coveted trophy and successfully defended its title last year against the only claimant—the Philadelphia Country Club. The latter team entered not with any idea of winning, but simply to save the cup from going to Meadowbrook by default. This year there are four entries for the championship—Meadowbrook, Myopia, Devon and Westchester Club of Newport. Of these entries, the Westchester Club of Newport is the logical choice, on account of its brilliant record during the short time it has been organized.

In order to try out the championship material in the different clubs, a series of flat events were played at Narragansett Pier and at Newport during the summer, and Westchester, in its first match, easily defeated the Dedham, Mass., team on July 29 by a score of 15 1/2 to 4. On August 5, Westchester met Meadowbrook, the present holder of the championship, and in a very close contest won by a bare quarter of a goal. Then on August 12 at Newport, Myopia, in a somewhat crippled condition, met Westchester and was defeated by a score of 13 to 8. At the same tournament four days later, Meadowbrook and Westchester met for the second time, and again Westchester won by a score of 8 1/2 to 7 1/2. More recently at Hamilton, Mass., Westchester, in a handicap match with Myopia, gave away a dozen goals and earned 18 while Myopia was making 3, showing what a great scoring team it was against a weaker side. The best line on Westchester, however, is obtained from its games with Meadowbrook, and, taking everything into consideration, there is not a great deal of difference in the playing strength of these two teams, although Westchester has shown a steady improvement in team play and should do even better in the championship tournament. Both teams are superbly mounted and there is very little choice between them in this respect. As is well known, the Westchester team of Newport is made up of the two best men in the Rockaway Hunt Club, John E. Cowdin and Foxhall Keene, who are playing in their old positions at "two" and "three" respectively. They have no superiors in these positions and they have developed team play to a very high degree of perfection. The ends are made up of J. M. Waterbury, Jr., at "one" and L. Waterbury at "back," two younger, but equally energetic players, who have hitherto represented the Country Club of Westchester. The Waterbury brothers are playing in new positions, and, while at first they did not seem to be doing their full share of the work, their practice of late has shown a steady improvement, so that to-day the team of crack players makes the most formidable entry for the championship. There has been considerable criticism regarding the organization of this Westchester Club of Newport, and it is claimed by people who have the welfare of the sport at heart, that, even if Westchester does win the championship, polo will not be a gainer to the extent that it would if the trophy were won by Meadowbrook, Myopia or Devon. The latter teams are represented by their own clubmen and are not made up of the pick of players from other organizations.

The real charm of a polo championship contest lies in the local pride and club interest manifested in a team's work by its club members. But in the coming championship, the members of the Rockaway Hunt Club and the members of the Country Club of Westchester are not liable to enthusiasm to any great extent over seeing their star players wearing the colors of the Westchester Club of Newport, R. I., just for the sake of winning.

Regarding the personnel of the Meadowbrook team, every member of it has seen service on the polo field in hard-fought championship games. W. C. Eustis, the captain and number "one," like his fellow clubmen, is superbly mounted, and is at his best in a closely contested match. He is a great rider off, probably the best in the polo association, and in interfering for a player on his own side he has a faculty of throwing his pony's quarters into an opponent's pony to push him to one side. He is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of his position and is a very effective player. The particularly brilliant man on the team is Columbus Baldwin, at "two," who, when he has his day, plays a marvellous game. His strong point is carrying the ball on the near side while at speed. Harry Payne Whitney is a quiet sterling player, who uses his head as well as he does his mallet. He has im-

proved wonderfully in the past two years and is a powerful hitter. George P. Eustis, the back, has returned to polo this season after an absence of two years. He is a strong back and his two favorite strokes are a near side back-hander and a powerful cut stroke under his pony's neck.

Myopia's chances of making a favorable showing in the tournament are better than generally supposed. The team was doing very nicely at Narragansett Pier, up to the time it lost the services of Holmes at back because of a serious illness. At the Pier, Myopia won from Devon on the flat and then defeated the same team under the handicap. Myopia made its best showing against Meadowbrook, and only lost the match by 4 goals. Holmes is now in the game again in his old position, and, with Shaw and Agassiz, Myopia has a trio that will compare favorably with any three players entered for the championship. A. P. Gardner, who played with Myopia when it won the championship in 1895 has taken Rice's place at "one," and on the whole Myopia should be able to give Westchester a game well worth witnessing, when these teams come together on Monday, September 18.

The Devon team of Philadelphia will make its first appearance in a championship match at the coming tournament. This team is composed of C. R. Snowden, G. W. Kendricks, 3d, Charles Wheeler and George McFadden. Under the handicap Devon is the most successful team of the season. It started in early and reached its best form about midsummer. Devon does not claim to be in the same class with Westchester or Meadowbrook, and it has entered the championship lists more for the sport there is to be found in a first-class game than with any idea of winning the Astor Gold Cup.

J. J. McNAMARA.

AS THE days approach when the big sloops *Shamrock* and *Columbia* are to meet in their "SHAMBOCK" marine battle for the possession of that coveted trophy, the America's Cup, public curiosity is being slowly but surely aroused. International interest is growing fast, and by the morning of October 3, when the first race is to be sailed off Sandy Hook, yachtsmen everywhere, and all lovers of true sport ashore and afloat, will be eagerly watching for the result of that initial contest; for there is no disguising the fact that, in *Shamrock*, *Columbia* will meet a foeman worthy of her steel, so to speak.

Judging from the leisurely fashion in which *Shamrock* was stripped of her sea-going rig and put into her racing togs, those in charge of her are very sure of her sailing qualities. She was all ready to make her trial spin in American waters the day before her owner, Sir Thomas J. Lipton, and her designer, William Fife, Jr., arrived from the other side; but it was thought best not to put canvas on her until Fife was there to judge for himself what alterations, if any, in trim or sail plan were necessary.

Fifteen days were consumed in getting the yacht ready, and during that time those who watched saw many new points about *Shamrock* that added materially to her value as a racing machine; for both she and *Columbia* may be classed as such without the owners of either taking offence at the title.

In the matter of spars both yachts are much alike. To save weight aloft they have adopted the steel mast, which is no longer an experiment, *Defender's* having stood the test in all sorts and conditions of weather. Steel gaffs and booms have also been tried and not found wanting. *Columbia's* latest mast is said to be constructed of nickel steel, the same material used in the manufacture of armor plates.

Topmasts, bowsprits and spinnaker booms on both yachts are of pine. *Columbia's* topmast telescopes into the steel mast, and is some two feet longer than *Shamrock's*, while the latter yacht has a longer bowsprit by six feet than *Columbia*.

Shamrock's topmast does not telescope, but is stepped in the ordinary way at the fore side of the mast. It has, however, what might be termed a "housing step"—a new skeleton platform of steel bolted to the forward side of the lower mast, at a point about eighteen feet below the hounds.

Here there are, also, a pair of stout steel struts, acting as spreaders for an extra pair of masthead shrouds. This ingenious contrivance of Fife's not only gives the mast additional strength at this point, just below where the jaws of the gaff come, but it enables the yacht to carry a working gaff topsail over a reefed mainsail in heavy weather, and to send up a special jib topsail or spinnaker, without having to send the topmast up again, and set up its backstays and stay—a very important saving of time when making sail after rounding a mark.

British racing yachtsmen have always preferred the tiller for steering, and Fife has followed that rule in *Shamrock*. She has a long tiller, made, it is said, of aluminium, and fitted with a set of blocks through which the tiller ropes are rove. *Columbia* steers with a wheel, the gear of which is the invention of the Herreshoffs. It acts directly on the rudder head, and is said to be quite as rapid and as sensitive to the touch as a tiller.

All *Shamrock's* blocks aloft are of skeleton steel with aluminium sheaves. *Columbia's* blocks are of wood, with steel sheaves and

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J. A. Le Conte, Quittman, Ga., Auditor South Georgia Railway Co., writes:—"After a few trials with increasing success, I put my first subject into a deep sleep."

Rev. Dr. Munson, of New Castle, Del., says:—"I succeeded beyond my expectations, and have no objections to your using my name in any way you choose."

Dr. W. H. Hammersley, Harrisburg, Pa., writes:—"The instructions cover the whole field and are so plain and simple any person can learn to hypnotize in a very short time. I am not in the habit of giving testimonials, but think your course certainly deserves it."

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6 for \$25.00

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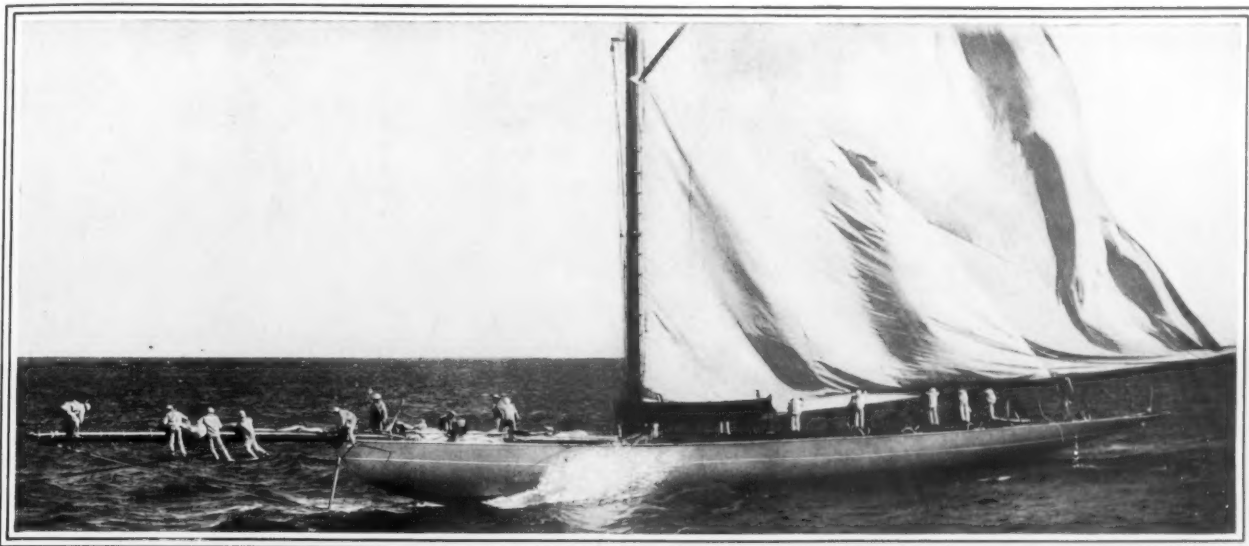
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PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE



THE CUP CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" FURLING SAILS IN THE HORSESHOE, HER BERTH AT SANDY HOOK, AFTER HER FIRST TRIAL SPIN IN AMERICAN WATERS

straps. Her deck fittings include several small perpendicular sheet winches, and any number of cleats, of convenient sizes.

As all *Shamrock's* halyards lead below, through holes in her deck to the hold, there are no belaying pins around the mast, but there is a purchase below for swaying up all the halyards. On deck she has half a dozen small cleats a foot apart, close in to the rail, for the jib topsail and other sheets. Four immense wooden cleats are used—two on each side—for the main sheet.

The following interesting figures show, approximately, the chief dimensions of *Shamrock* and *Columbia*:

	<i>Shamrock</i>	<i>Columbia</i>
Length over all.....	130 feet	133 feet
Length on the water line.....	90 "	90 "
Beam.....	25.50 "	24.2 "
Draught.....	19 "	19.10 "
Forward overhang.....	21 "	23 "
After overhang.....	11 "	10.6 "
Mast, over all.....	78 "	77 "
Mast, deck to hounds.....	22 inches	22 inches
Diameter of mast.....	10 feet	8 feet
Mast, below deck.....	22 "	22 "
Masthead.....	111 "	109.8 "
Boom.....	68 "	64 "
Gaff.....	62.4 "	61 "
Topmast.....	145 "	141.6 "
Deck to topmast head.....	33 "	27 "
Bowsprit, outboard.....	82 "	73 "
Mast to end of bowsprit.....	85 "	75 "
Spinnaker pole.....	4.6 "	4 "
Free board.....	80 tons	95 tons
Lead in keel.....		

Three important events in the yachting world occurred during the week ending September 4. They were the arrival, at New York, of Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, the owner of the yachts *Shamrock* and *Erin*; the sailing, off Newport, of the official trial races between *Columbia* and *Defender*, and the first trial spin of *Shamrock* in American waters.

The first of the official trial races sailed on September 2, fifteen miles to windward and return from Brenton's Reef Lightship, was in many respects the most satisfactory test of speed and weatherly qualities yet seen between these two big ninety-foot sloops.

By the replacing of the steel mast, the addition of some three tons of inside ballast and a new suit of sails, *Columbia* not only sailed faster, but stood up better to her work on all points of sailing.

In a strong and steady breeze from the eastward, the new sloop defeated the old one 5 minutes 10 seconds in the windward work to the outer mark, and in the run home, with spinnakers and balloon jib topsails set, she outsailed her 1 minute 39 seconds, making a victory of 6 minutes 49 seconds for the total distance of 35 miles—for a third is always added to the distance in windward work for the tacks made.

Here are the official figures of the race:

Yacht.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	1 35 40	5 22 43	3 47 03
<i>Defender</i>	1 35 23	5 29 15	3 53 52

Columbia's time to the outer mark was 2h. 14m. 23s.; *Defender's* time was 2h. 19m. 33s. Their run to the finish was: *Columbia*, 1h. 32m. 40s.; *Defender*, 1h. 34m. 19s. W. Gould Brokaw presented a cup to the winner.

In a fresh breeze from the northward, shifting later to the northeast, the second and final trial race was sailed on Monday, September 4. Harrison B. Moore offered a cup for this event, which was sailed over a triangular course of thirty miles—ten miles to the leg.

Here again *Columbia* demonstrated her superiority so plainly that at the conclusion of the event the members of the America's Cup Committee, who had wit-

nessed the race from Commodore J. P. Morgan's steam yacht *Corsair*, announced that there would be no further trial races. While it is understood that *Columbia* is the yacht selected to defend the America's Cup, there need be no official announcement of that fact until one week before the race against *Shamrock*.

In the race of September 4, in a ten-mile reach with the wind abeam, *Columbia* outsailed *Defender* 3 minutes 36 seconds. In the next leg of ten miles, she gained 2 minutes 9 seconds, and in the final leg of ten miles, with three miles added for tacks, she gained 4 minutes 22 seconds, making a total victory of 10 minutes 7 seconds over a course of 33 miles.

Here are the official figures:

Yacht.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	11 26 09	2 43 33	3 17 24
<i>Defender</i>	11 26 22	2 53 53	3 27 31

At the turning points the times were:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	12 24 45	1 27 53
<i>Defender</i>	12 28 34	1 33 51

Many declared, who saw this race, that *Columbia* could easily have beaten *Defender* two minutes more if she had not made a certain short tack near the finish.

C. Oliver Iselin said after the race that he was more

runs she has not carried all her canvas, and the question of what she is really able to do under full racing rig will probably not be settled until the shot is fired that will start the greatest international yacht race in the history of the America's Cup.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.

PRINCETON FOOTBALL PLANS

Without detracting in the least from the credit due to Princeton last year for Poe's run and her consequent football victory, her best men realize that the team was far from up to Princeton's standard. This has been food for reflection on the part of advisers and coaches all the spring and summer, and those who are the most frank and outspoken say that at the time of the final championship game Princeton has had no team since the last Yale game at Manhattan Field. The team of two years ago showed magnificent promise, and at mid-season was sweeping all before it, but that eleven went stale and lost the big match, while the team of last year, although winning, was so far from satisfactory to the coaches that wholesale condemnation was its portion up to the very eve of the Yale game. Men at Princeton believe that outside of Harvard there were no first-class teams in the field last fall, and that the year before there were actually no teams that could have met or held the style of game that the Princeton team of 1896 was capable of playing. Hence there promises to be a turning over of affairs in the Princeton football season of 1899 that can only be compared to what happened there in the first year of the reign of Garrett Cochran. There has been much discussion among the advisers as to who should perform this wholesale shaking up, and it is understood that, first of all, "King" Kelley was chosen as the man who could perhaps awaken some of the old time do-or-die spirit in the back field. There was a time when Kelley could put his arm about the waist of any man and carry him, ball and all, through or over the stiffest line in the country for a gain of three to five yards, and the Princeton advisers believe he can teach men like Lathrop, Kafer, Beardsley, Reiter and Mattis to get some of his old-time dash into their line-bucking.

When it comes to the forwards, there is no man in Princeton's memory who can drive tackles through an interference and at the runner like Langdon Lea, and that part of the job is pretty certain to be entrusted to the handsome and dashing former captain. The rest of the arrangements have not yet been perfected, but there is a growing feeling that the centre men must have more speed and life than characterized them last season. Whether this belief will result in placing a lighter man in Crowdis's place, or even in the place of Edwards himself, is a problem that still awaits solution; but there are those who say that radical action there is an absolute necessity, and they are men whose voice is likely to carry much weight in the council. The work that Smith did at quarter a few years ago was never fully appreciated outside the Princeton team, and one of the first steps this year is to be the further education of the quarter-back position. Passing the ball and an occasional tackle is no longer going to suffice to make a man an ideal quarter down in New Jersey, and the demands are going to be so seriously enforced that I do not envy the young men who are to take the schooling there this fall. Then, too, there is to come the breaking in of kickers who can be made to help out Wheeler. Those few awful moments in the early part of the Yale game last year, when the Princeton forwards did not



"SHAMROCK" CLOSE-HAULED TO WINDWARD, UNDER PLAIN SAIL, ON THE REACH OFF SANDY HOOK DURING HER FIRST TRIAL OVER THE COURSE

than pleased with *Columbia's* performance, and well he might be, for she was plainly much faster than on any of her previous trials.

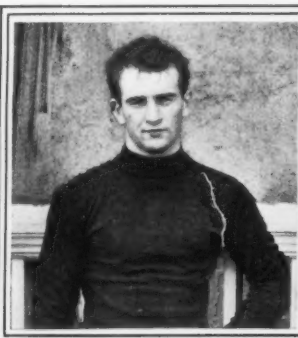
In her trial spins *Shamrock* developed qualities which make *Columbia* admirers look serious. Sir Thomas Lipton has announced his firm intention of carrying off the cup, and of all the yachts that have hitherto competed for the trophy *Shamrock* is the most promising. She is quick in stays, points clean and high, and stands up well under a heavy wind. She shows very little slapping of the bows or smashing of seas, but cuts through the water in a very clean manner. In her recent short

Smith did at quarter a few years ago was never fully appreciated outside the Princeton team, and one of the first steps this year is to be the further education of the quarter-back position. Passing the ball and an occasional tackle is no longer going to suffice to make a man an ideal quarter down in New Jersey, and the demands are going to be so seriously enforced that I do not envy the young men who are to take the schooling there this fall. Then, too, there is to come the breaking in of kickers who can be made to help out Wheeler. Those few awful moments in the early part of the Yale game last year, when the Princeton forwards did not

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



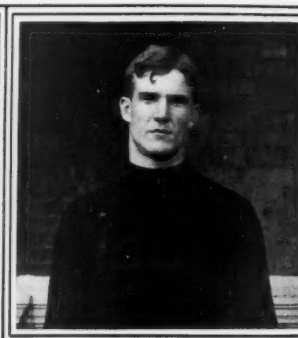
HILDEBRANT
(Tackle and ex-Captain)



POE
(End)



PALMER
(End)



MATTIS
(Back)

know whether the kicker would send the ball straight up in the air or into the opposing line men, made such an impression upon the nerves of the Princeton coaches that there is little chance of their being repeated. With such ends as Palmer and Poe, and Lathrop, too, if needed, Lea and Kelley see no reason why a kicker should not send the ball a good forty-five or fifty yards without danger of seriously overkicking his ends. The policy of Princeton can thus be mapped out as follows:

With Kelley to live up the backs in running work and teach them to strike and ride a line. With Lea to improve the defence by making the tackles far more aggressive, and get more dash into the play of the centre trio. To keep the ends in their present state of efficiency, but give them more opportunity for the use of their talents by making the kicking that they have to follow more certain, and teaching some one besides Wheeler to do good kicking. Finally, to develop the position of quarter-back into its old-time perfection. It is a good programme, and the men behind it mean business.

There is no schedule of any of the big universities, so far as I have seen, that can compare with Princeton's in arrangement. In fact, I should call it the best that any of the large teams has had in many years. Their preliminary game is to be played against the Maryland Athletic Club at Baltimore. In this game an opportunity will be given of getting a line on the general condition of the men. Then follows a sharp test of activity by a game with Annapolis, a team that, while light, is always especially active, and, even at that time in the season, in good physical trim. Then comes a game with Lafayette, when the line men will have to do more hard work. After this, by three days, is scheduled a game with Columbia in New York. Sanford is coaching Columbia, and it is safe to say that his team, although hardly in good condition for team play, will have had their wits well sharpened and be aggressive. Pennsylvania State is next on their list. This team is usually made up of powerful men, mature and hard, who will give any rush line just the kind of mid-season work that is most desirable. None of these games should prove seriously exhausting or crippling to the Princeton team, but should enable the coaches to get an almost perfect line upon the candidates for every position, and, at the same time, to discover and

correct general and individual weaknesses. It should also prove a fair test of the methods of interference, and enable a man like Kelley to get the time of the interferers where it shall properly accord with the pace of the backs. Then will come a game which must measure all the early work and tell just wherein it may be at fault. I refer to the game with West Point on October 21. This is thirty-five days before the Yale game, long enough to get cripples into shape, and long

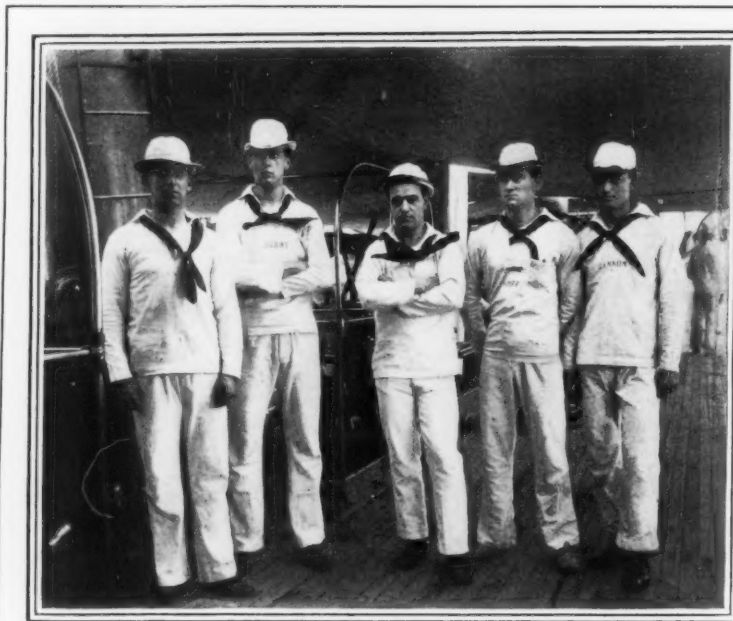
players have realized the fact that in the condition of affairs last year there was a menace to put it mildly. Suppose circumstances had been such as to make it advisable or necessary that the team of 1898 should play Harvard or Pennsylvania, it was not a pleasant thought for those who knew the situation, and it is from reflecting upon that that the imperative need of bringing back some of the old reliability of performance has emanated.

The reception given at West Point to the Annapolis men reminds one most pleasantly of the probability of the renewal of the football relations between the two academies this fall. When this reception was at first attempted, scarlet fever stepped in and prevented, but this delay, now that the visit has really taken place, seems only to have made it finally the more pleasant; and this same condition will be true in the renewal of the football games. The mere fact of the loss of this feature for some seasons will greatly enhance the pleasure of the meeting.

It will be very interesting to note the coaching which the two teams will receive and the development in play marked at each academy since they last met. It is not generally known, on account of the advance in football prestige at West Point, that Annapolis is ahead in these matches. For the last few years the visits of some of the larger teams to West Point, and the especially able coaching that the teams up there have received, has brought it about that West Point has been regarded higher in the football world than their old rivals, the Annapolis, and it will require an early meeting to demonstrate the truth or falsity of this belief. It is an undoubted fact that West Point enjoys rather the better

chance of heavy men in the more extended selection. But Annapolis is none the less ready to meet them, and has plenty of confidence. The two men most prominent in the football development of the two academies have been Harmon Graves, who, at West Point, has done so much for their coaching there, and Paul Dashiell, who is an instructor at Annapolis, and who has been a member at large of the rules committee for several years. It is not yet determined what coaching will be used this fall at either academy, but it is sure to be productive of good play.

WALTER CAMP.



Wade (Full-back) Berry (Guard) Wartman (Captain and Left Tackle) Huff (End) Gannon (Half-back)

SOME OF THE PROMINENT PLAYERS ON THE NAVAL ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM, IN THEIR WORKING CLOTHES ON THE TRAINING SHIP "ANNAPOLIS"

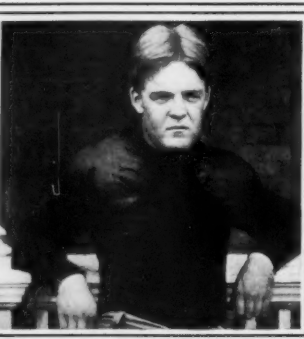
enough to safely alter any style of play, either offensive or defensive. From that day until the Yale game Princeton plays but two games away from home, and one of those games is in New York. But the men are not to be laid off or given easy work. Three of the following games are hard ones, but well separated—Cornell, Brown, and the Indians. After the Indian game, which comes on November 11, Princeton has two weeks' rest, with a Washington and Jefferson game to keep the men on edge and to try out plays. Truly an excellent schedule, and one that any manager might be proud of. To say that many old Princeton football



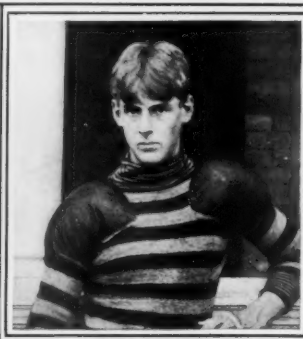
EDWARDS
(Captain and Guard)



GEER
(Tackle and Guard)



MILLS
(Tackle)



PELL
(Tackle and Guard)

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